

# ANTIPATHY

numero tres

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This issue...

hobocore

punk

politics

sex

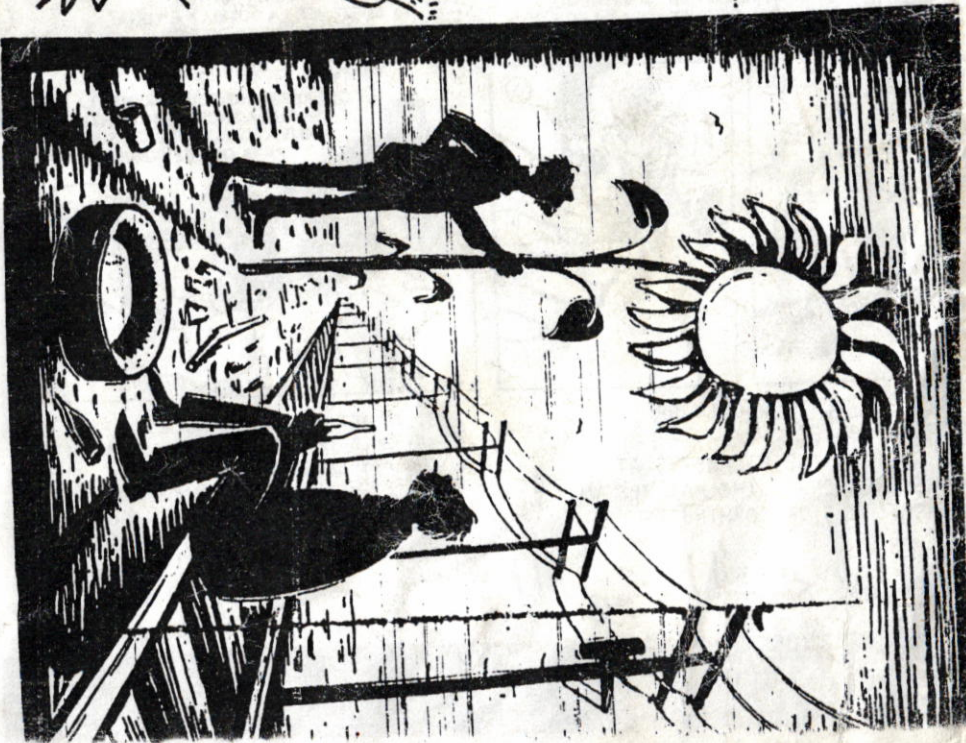
religion

because hardcore is more than music...

# ANTIPATHY

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So here you have it. The third issue of antipathy, which, as with all the others, I ended up cramming together in a few hours in the midst of some paranoia induced binge of insomnia. And it ain't perfect. I don't like most of the writing, the layout isn't anything as neat or dandy as I would like to see, and the graphics suck again, but alas, my life is at that point where if I don't print this, it will join the box full of antiquated writings and thoughts that never saw the proverbial light of day. So what have I been up to? Well, I've been busy off my ass. Aside from my personal projects (prisoner support, putting on punk fests, trying to organize an activist center here in Eugene, etc) I've been expanding my horizons by working with groups like El Bracero, which is something of a mix between a labor union and an immigrant support/Mexican solidarity organization, and even the ever dreaded NRA, where once again I have come to realize that people are far more important than politics, but when people share most of your politics, but are from a totally different "scene," then they are an asset to be cherished. But at the same time, the weaknesses in these new affinities have highlighted the need for a supportive scene of people who think, act, and fuck like me. I really need to step off my "save the world" pedestal and start appreciating the community around me more.

I am still going through a mid-early life crisis of trying to figure out what I want to do with my life. I feel very restrained in my current facet of activism, yet am by no means content sitting back and letting things happen. As a result of this, I have been applying for work with the UN and various NGOs trying to land myself a position doing development or human rights work somewhere neat. But while all this is happening, I am planning a summer of events (Asylum and the Earth First! Rendezvous) and travel, while simultaneously trying to stay sane in this crazy, crazy world. The action in the forests and borders is beginning to heat up promising that this summer will be anything but boring. So come out to Cascadia this summer and get involved!!!

As for love, well, the past few months were interesting. I found myself slipping into the same repressive cycles of bad relationships past, and after a rapidly crumbling relationship of manipulation, bullshit mind games, and psychological deceit, I managed to break free. Since then it has been good. I have spent a bunch of time with a bunch of wonderful people, fell in love, and have had lots of great sex. It has been a good few months and is only getting better.

Ok, as always, I say lots of inciteful shit within these pages and am an avid fan of intelligent discourse and thoughtful debate. If something I said in these pages pissed you off, struck you as erroneous, or made you happy, let me know. I've said it once before and I'll keep saying it 'til I'm blue in the face, discussion and making friends are far more revolutionary than selling 10,000 Socialist Worker papers, picking up a gun, or bombing a Federal Building...so write dammit. I promise to write back...love safe and love a lot...

con amor y rabia

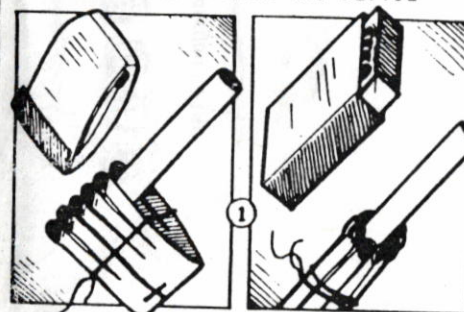
*Mike antipathy*

pob 11703 Eugene, Oregon 97440 cascadia. tac@efn.org (541) 431-8080

In this issue, all band photos not otherwise noted are from MRR's old photo zines "If life is a bowl of cherries why am I always in the pit" and "Welcome to cruise country" that my good buddies sprout and Mr. Smith were kind enough to put in my possession. Where the hell else you gonna find pics of amebix???

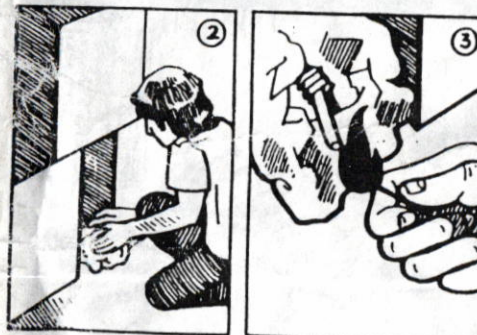
1. PLACE AN UNLIGHTED CIGARETTE BETWEEN TWO ROWS OF MATCHES. UNITE THEM TOGETHER BY TYING THEM FIRMLY WITH A STRING.

2. WRAP THE MATCHES IN DRY PAPER OR ANY OTHER INFLAMMABLE SUBSTANCE. PLACE THE DEVICE



1. COLOCAR UN CIGARRILLO NO ENCENDIDO ENTRE AMBAS HILERAS DE FÓSFOROS. UNIRLOS FIRMEMENTE ATÁNDOLOS CON UNA CUERDA.
2. ENVOLVER LOS FÓSFOROS EN PAPEL SECO O CUALQUIER OTRA SUSTANCIA INFLAMABLE. COLOQUE EL DISPOSITIVO ENTRE CAJAS VACÍAS DE CARTÓN O MADERA.

ENCENDER EL CIGARRILLO POR SU EXTREMO LIBRE. LOS FÓSFOROS SE ENCENDERÁN EN 5 O 10 MINUTOS.



BETWEEN EMPTY WOODEN OR CARTON BOXES.

3. LIGHT THE CIGARETTE AT THE FREE END. THE MATCHES WILL LIGHT IN 5 OR 10 MINUTES.

*Wreck shit!! Go!!!*

INCENDIARY BOMB ("MOLOTOV COCKTAIL")  
1. FILL A NARROW-NECKED BOTTLE WITH GASOLINE, KEROSENE, OR BURNABLE DIESEL; BETTER STILL, IF SHREDDED SOAP OR SAWDUST ADDED.  
2. INSERT A RAG IN THE BOTTLE UNTIL ONE END TOUCHES THE LIQUID AND THE OTHER EXTENDS NO MORE THAN 20cm FROM THE RIM OF THE BOTTLE. SEAL THE BOTTLE TIGHTLY WITH A STRING OR TAPE.

### BOMBA INCENDIARIA ("COCTEL MOLOTOF")

1. LLENAR DE GASOLINA, LUZ BRILLANTE (KEROSENE) O COMBUSTIBLE DIESEL UNA BOTELLA DE CUELLO ESTRECHO; MEJOR AUN SI SE LE AÑADE ASERRIN DE MADERA O JABÓN RAYADO.



2. INTRODUCIR UN TRAPO EN LA BOTELLA HASTA QUE UN EXTREMO ROCE EL LÍQUIDO Y EL OTRO SE EXTIENDA NO MENOS DE 20 CMS DE LA BOCA DE LA BOTELLA. SELLAR FIRMEMENTE LA BOTELLA CON UNA CINTA O VENDA.



3. PARA ACTIVAR EL DISPOSITIVO:

A) SOSTENER LA BOTELLA EN UNA MANO EXTENDIENDO BIEN EL BRAZO.

B) ENCENDER CON LA OTRA MANO EL TRAPO.

C) LANZAR INMEDIATAMENTE LA BOTELLA ENCENDIDA CONTRA EL OBJETIVO, CON FUERZA SUFICIENTE PARA QUE SE ROMPA AL HACER IMPACTO.



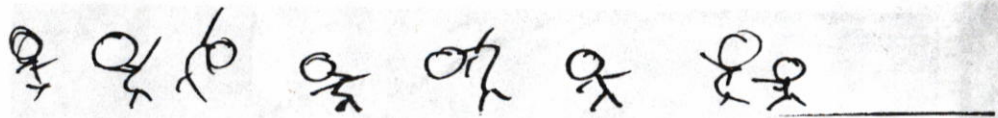
3. TO ACTIVATE THE DEVICE:

A) HOLD THE BOTTLE IN ONE HAND WITH YOUR ARM EXTENDED.

B) LIGHT THE RAG WITH YOUR OTHER HAND.

C) IMMEDIATELY THROW THE LIGHTED BOTTLE AT YOUR OBJECTIVE WITH SUFFICIENT FORCE THAT IT BREAKS ON IMPACT.

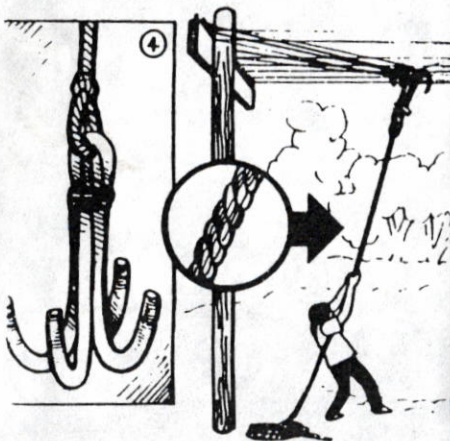




1. TWIST A STEEL BAR IN THE FORM SHOWN IN THE DRAWING.
2. FASTEN THE TWO SECTIONS TO JOIN THEM TOGETHER.
3. ATTACH A ROPE (NOT A CABLE) TO THE HOOK IN THE UPPER PART.



TORCER UNA VARILLA DE ACERO EN LA FORMA QUE MUESTRA EL DIBUJO.  
ATAR LAS DOS SECCIONES HASTA UNIRLAS.  
ATAR UNA CUERDA (NO UN CABLE) AL GANCHO DE LA PARTE SUPERIOR.

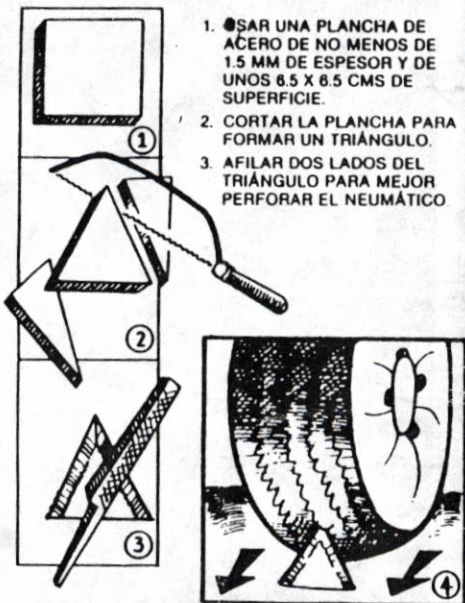


LANZAR EL GARFIO HASTA ENREDARLO EN EL TENDIDO TELEFONICO (¡¡NUNCA CONTRA UN TENDIDO ELÉCTRICO!!) Y TIRAR DE LA CUERDA HASTA DERRIBARLO, COMO MUESTRA EL DIBUJO.

4. THROW THE GAFF UNTIL IT CATCHES IN THE TELEPHONE WIRES (NEVER IN ELECTRICAL WIRES) AND PULL ON THE ROPES UNTIL YOU BRING THEM DOWN AS SHOWN IN THE DRAWING.

- ARROW TO PERFORATE TIRES
1. USE A SHEET OF STEEL NO LESS THAN 1.5 mm THICK AND 6.5 x 6.5 cm IN AREA.
  2. CUT THE SHEET TO FORM A TRIANGLE.

#### FLECHA PARA PERFORAR NEUMÁTICOS



4. COLOCAR LA FLECHA ASÍ FORMADA SOBRE EL SUELO, FIJANDO SU PUNTA AFILADA CONTRA LA BANDA DE RODAMIENTO DEL NEUMÁTICO EN UN ÁNGULO DE 45°. (GRADOS)



3. SHARPEN THE TWO SIDES OF THE TRIANGLE TO BETTER PERFORATE THE TIRE.
4. PLACE THE ARROW THUS FASHIONED ON THE GROUND WITH THE SHARPENED POINT ON THE TIRE TREADS AT A 45° ANGLE

Antipatía es la revista se llama antipathy completamente en español. Por que no tengo el tiempo ni plata para producirla cada vez, antipatía es publicada dos veces cada año. Si la quieres, me envía lo que puedes en monedas... Además, tengo mucha musica y informacion para distribuir en America Latina y España...Escribeme por mas detalles. Al diablo...

#### WHAT IS PUNK

- the sake/submission hold lp
- bad band tattoos
- Axiom (pdx crust)
- '88 revival
- tailslide to 5/0 grinds
- big handrails/ big waves
- dust
- Slug and Lettuce
- Unhinged (Belgian crust)
- straight edge @ crusties
- punks in trees!!!
- WALL OF DEATH!!!!
- Old Thrasher mags
- Bill Danforth
- vandalism
- safety pin piercings
- acid drops and no complys
- pirate radio
- Hobocore!!!!
- torching horse rendering plants

#### WHAT AIN'T PUNK

- longboard skateboards
- basketball jerseys
- big pants (that is soooo '92)
- overproduced skaterock
- moshing
- coos cuts (short top/long back)
- this whole neo garage rock thing
- the GG Allin wannabe shock 'tude
- sexism, homophobia, racism
- the fuckin' windmill/rice picker
- chain smoking at coffee shops
- the sensitive emoboy ploy
- conservative, violent bootboys
- three word chants
- hardline jerk-os and their dogma
- Christianity...Rastafari
- chanting tired old slogans
- cows
- rollerblades
- PC for the sake of PC

Antipathy is a quarterly digest of random political sentiments, personal thoughts, and sarcastic ramblings. The ideas and art contained within are not copyrighted and reproduction is encouraged, provided credit is given where credit is due. Some of the concepts explored within are not legal according to the laws of certain nation states, and the publisher/author would by no means encourage anyone to engage in anything illegal. After all, without laws, we would be nothing more than liberty drunken savages.

Seeing as how I lose money every issue I put out, copies of number 3 are \$1.50 unless you are currently incarcerated in an institution (high school doesn't count), in a dire situation of poverty, an intimate friend of mine, or someone who has otherwise impressed me, in which case they are free. If you are law enforcement, intelligence agencies, or a church, copies are \$6 plus postage. Call or write for ad rates...

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XXX- Last issue nurtured a bunch of interesting responses...From the usual toothless "Good Job" to a bit more realistic "you prentious piece of arrogant shit" to "...half the time I wanted to kiss you, the rest of the time I wanted to hit you" which was perhaps the biggest compliment anyone has ever given me. But something that was repeated over and over was my incessant negativity and criticism...and they are absolutely right; I do spend far too much time ranting about what, who, and why things suck rather than focusing on the good things that are out there...so here are some things I like: bad tattoos and lots of 'em, fast aggressive hardcore, old country songs about killing your lover, riding trains or going to prison, orgasms that I can feel in my ears, joining arm and arm with some fellas and resurrecting the long forgotten wall of death, jumping trains, flirting in Spanish, CONVULS, sleeping long grinds down a slick curb, making the drop on a big, hollow wave, laying down the bottom turn, and getting tucked into a barrel, the 108 "Holy Name" lp, butt flops, Bill Danforth, making out with someone cute for the first time, JESUIT, having long, intense discussions about life, love, god, and sex with intelligent people, BROTHER INFERIOR, pointed sarcasm, SLAYER "Reign in Blood" and "Seasons in the Abyss" lps, Jack London books, sitting 200 ft up in a big ass tree seeing a massive forest on three sides, vegan whitetrash casserole, people who defy stereotypes, romantic candlelight dinners, a glass of redwine on a starry night, travel, scenery overpasses with bunk beds, 13 year old kids with big mohawks and bad attitudes, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, tips, 99¢ soy milk, good zines, old peace punk, smooth boxcars, dry 40s, and grainers with big holes, anthems, dumpsters full of yummy food, of tunes, making odd affinities, Baja, shoplifting good stuff from shitty stores, waking up next to a warm, soft body, bad techno, Cyndi Lauper songs, the crazy big maples in front of my house, getting lots of wif, whatever else makes me smile, meeting eyes with the cute person across the bar, getting shy, and looking away only to return your glance and see that they are still examining you...then meeting the person, learning how rad they are, and spending time with them...

Of Course, now it is time to thank all the things that have inspired me this issue...Donamarissa and the rest of El Bracero, Lee and the Hobos from Hell crew, Sprout for being my perpetual buddy and zine fan, the ever-so wonderful Tanya Medusa, Scummy and Brian for keeping the music evil, Sasha L. whom is as cool in person as on paper, the eugene peacepunks for putting politics back in the staggering community of apathy we call punk, Harry, Rudy, Shane and the rest of the Roseburg crew for their energy, Dan 10 Things and Chris Boarts for still printing after all these years, Mayhem, Pearl and the Radio Free Cascadia crew for busting ass to make pirate radio a reality, the mysterious crew that burned down the Redmond horse rendering plant...viva self. the forest activists who after defeat after defeat, are still out there putting themselves in the way of progress, Aron Gallagher, Greg Bennick, Jimmy Pursey, Kevin Seconds, and everyone else who is keeping it positive, Roshawn and Sake, ..and to everyone who smiles on the street, writes back, or calls me on my shit...and to my dearest evally...i miss you.

Tunesthis issue: Cro Mags "Age of Quarrel" lp, Deadlock demo, Jesuit cd, His Hero is Gone "13 counts..." lp, Trial 10", Merle Haggard, Boxcar Willy, Johnny Cash, Weylon Jennings, and Patsy Cline, Resist and Exist/BPVF tape, Robert Hoyt "Guitin' time", Venom "Black Metal" lp, Bad Brains "Rock for Light" lp, endpoint "Catharsis" lp, The Business, Samael "Blood Ritual"

People who fucking suck: MSM-you didn't just turn your back in your quest to be more British than thou, you flat out ignored me. Fuck you you hipster asshole. RA-you lying sack of shit. i hope you die. All the pigs and rent al pigs...ACAB...

hardcore roots...way to go fellas... (If Rees 135  
Calle Bella Vista Camarillo, Ca 93010)

### Red Aunts "Ghetto Blaster" cd

Sleazy garage rock with snotty female vocals. Not as raw as their earlier stuff, but still a good listen... (Epitaph)

### Resist and Exist "Live in South Central" tape

This was a submission for the Asylum fest that I liked so much. I decided to review. This was taken from a live show they did at the Int. Panther HQ in LA...their fast, political hardcore is interspersed with poetry and political commentary and the backside contains some political hip-hop and spoken word. An excellent recording that illustrates there is more to resistance than punk and recycled slogans. Get it. (pob 6188 Fullerton, Ca 92834)

### Sake/Submission Hold "Unnatural Disasters" lp

Without fail this is one of my favorite records of the year. Sake play raging hardcore with weird melody patterns and the morose use of a violin. atop excellent political lyrics. Submission Hold complete the album with four songs of intense, dissonant hardcore also with political lyrics. I've done shows for both bands, and this album effectively captures their intensity, as well as their politics. Marvelous, superb...I can't say enough good things about this record. (Hopscotch Rees pob 1143 Cardiff, Ca 92007)

### Trial 10"

Some would say that positive hardcore in the '88 vein has been overdone and is now obsolete and boring. Trial prove this to be incorrect as they throw together a veritable masterpiece of post-core goodness. Excellent sXe hardcore as it was meant to be: fast, powerful and honest, with a good political focus and very little metal (except for the reverse grooved buttrock song on the backside, which I hope is a tasteful attempt at humour.) Go!!! (FTG 328429 Ga Tech Sta Atlanta, Ga 30332)

### Venom "Black Metal" lp

The Gods of lo-fi metal that sound way more hardcore than 99% of the wanky. Slayer wannabe stuff that passes for it today. Ok, so you caught me...I've had this for years, but it needed to be said... "Venom were the ancestors of contemporary hardcore." If you wanna experience the satan loving roots of all this neo-sexy metalcore that has corrupted our youth movements with pseudo-evil symbology and lyrics, get this shite.

### Zeke "Kicked in the Teeth" cd

I've been seeing these guys live for years and have always dug their blazing fast garagey sound, and quite to my dismay, wasn't the least bit disappointed by their major label debut. The songs are all fast, sometimes treading precariously on the verge of '70s guitar rock, but still with the good message of cheap beer, cheap women, and cheap living. I was disappointed by their song "Aces High" which I had hoped was a Maiden cover, but what turned out to be a short instrumental. Worth picking up, especially if you're one of those kids that has gotten sucked up in the neo-rockabilly/whitetrash trend of late... (Epitaph)

### V/A The Eagles Drift In cd

First, for some truisms. 1) The Workin' Stiffs Rule. 2) The Bar Feeders Rule. 3) This cd, having both of the aforementioned, as well as Fuckface, HRSC, and Infested, also rules. Although limited to Bay area bands, this cd features some of the best bands around ranging from the Workin' Stiffs' oi! tunes to the Bar Feeders speedy rock to Fuckface's insane interpretation of hardcore. Yeah!!! (Depth Charge Rees 440 Haight St #56 SF, CA 94117)

### V/A Hell Comes to Your House cd

So I'm in love. A bunch of dark old punk songs from ancient bands like Social Distortion, Legal Weapon, Red Cross, and 45 Grave, mixed with the gothish insanity of Christian Death and 100 Flowers. Usually I hate comps more than anything, but this doesn't have a bad tune on it, and really pleased my palate for old punk... (TimeBomb Rees)

## REVIEW POLICY

Antipathy will review all material submitted as long as it is in some way punk, hardcore, metal, or political in nature. We apologize for the overabundance of reviews, but since so much of our subculture is based on the dissemination of information and entertainment, we feel it necessary to continue offering honest evaluations of music and literature so that our readers may make better, more informed purchases.



# RECORD REVIEWS

## ALL "Mass Nerder" cd

Let me start by saying this, I love the Descendents. Let me finish by saying that All, even though 3/4 of the Descendents, are nowhere near the band. Like the rest of their albums, except perhaps "Allroy Saves..." this is shitty pop that could hardly be called punk by anyone with a tuned ear. Yawn. (Epitaph)

## Bad Brains "Omega Sessions" cd

In the spirit of every other old school punk band reissuing stuff, Victory followed suit by re-releasing a few classic Bad Brains tunes. Let me just say right now that I think the Bad Brains were one of the five greatest punk bands of all time and even though Rastafari makes me nauseous, they are just too fucking rad to disregard 'cause they believe that some genocidal monarch was a messiah and sing about the Bible. That said, this cd is pretty weak. It is some of their earlier stuff, true. But it lacks the intensity, energy and OOMF! of their ROIR or "Rock for Light" releases and unfortunately, won't expose the baggy pant wearing, victory worshipping masses to the better material from one of the most legendary bands in the genre. (Victory)

## By the Grace of God "Perspective" cd

A cd featuring ex-members of Endpoint, political poetry from an underground poet, a crumpled, desecrated flag, and a bunch of anti-corporation info? From Victory nonetheless? All true. BTGOG combine the melodic, emo-core roots of Endpoint (one of my fave bands ever) with some rock and roll hooks and intricate breakdowns to deliver one of the more interesting hardcore releases this issue. The lyrics are personal with political sentiments and good enough to appease my cynical critiques...all in all, a damn fine release... (Victory)

## Converge "Petitioning and Empty Sky" lp

So what is with all these new hardcore bands regurgitating old Slayer riffs and calling it hardcore? Ok, so they aren't complete Slayer hacks, 'cause they throw in some emo parts, chugga chugga parts and sing songy stuff as well, but nevertheless, the dark influence remains. Dark, evil, fast...I like them a lot. In fact, I wouldn't hesitate to say that the first song on this album, "My Saddest Day," is one of the greatest hardcore songs of this decade... (Equal Vision)

## Deadlock demo tape

So I absolutely love anthemic posi-core, as generic as it may be. That said, I haven't stopped listening to this tape since they sent it to me. Fast, catchy tunes with good anthems and excellent energy. I can't wait to see these guys live...

## Gas Huffer "Just Beautiful Music" cd

Monotonous garage rock that sounds lame with the homogenous, over produced Epitaph "sound" that manages to make all their bands sound the same. I know a lot of people that find these guys redeeming, but I just don't see it... (Epitaph)

## The Humpers "Euphoria, Confusion..." cd

Fast, fun surfy garage rock. Far better than 90% of the lameness that is following in the trendy wave of neo-garage/rockabilly. (Epitaph)

## IDK "Taking on the Monster" cd

Boring, watered down, posi-core youth crew wannabe skaterock. Like H2O without the energy and Youth of Today without the spirit. Boring, repetitive, and weak attempts at recapturing the glory of anthemic sing alongs that fail miserably. Blah... (Earache)

## Jesuit cd

So a wise zinester once wrote that Jesuit are like watching your best friend get hit by a car. I think that was a vast understatement. Jesuit are like watching your best friend, your immediate family, and your favorite pet get hit by a tractor trailer and their festering carcasses devoured by vultures. Heavy, hard, evil hardcore that is technical, yet listenable. Horrify for evil hardcore!!! (Reservoir)

## The Missing 23rd ep

The kids in the band gaye me this record after I flowed them a buck for gas after their cameo appearance at a basement show. I sorta lost it in my messy room for awhile before actually getting around to playing it, but soon enough realized the error in my ways. They play fast, catchy hardcore that sounds an awful lot like Uniform Choice or any number of 'Nardcore bands from the 80s. A traditional sound that isn't breaking any musical barriers, but nevertheless, is carrying on the torch of good hardcore through a generation that has lots track of its

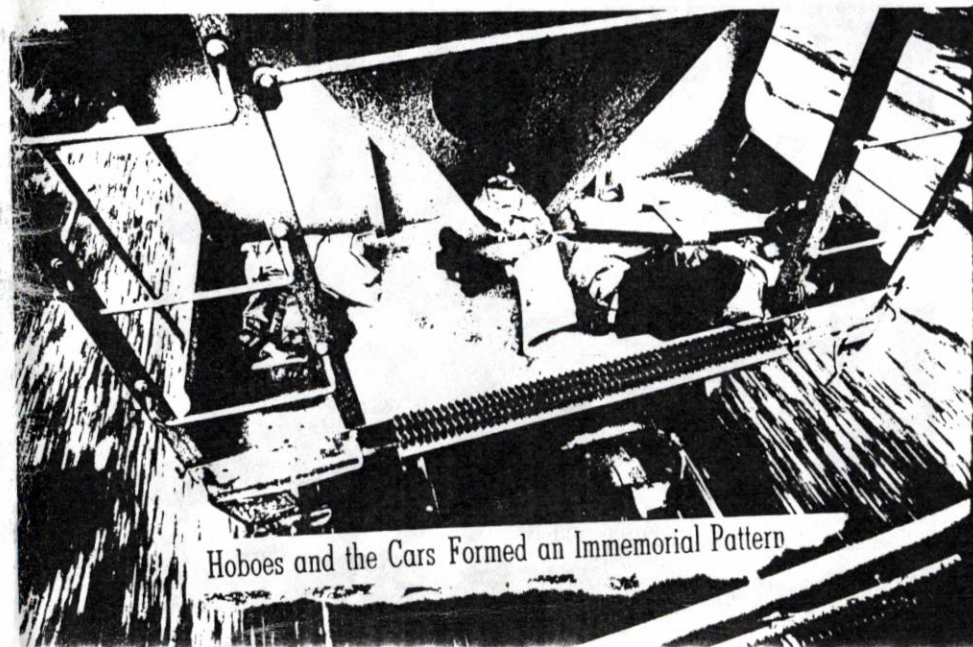
## more Thoughts on Traveling

So there I was, sitting 'neath the 42nd st overpass in Portland, waiting for the afternoon hotshot which would unwittingly take me on an overnight venture to Nampa, Idaho, where I would get off, hitch to Boise and meet up with some of the Cove/Mallard crew. The sun was shielded by a thin layer of summer haze and with the exception of the UP switchman that stopped his railtruck to offer the lonely hobo kid a cup of Jo, I hadn't spoken to another human in more than two days. I was filled with that dejected loneliness which only a hobo can know, of being in the midst of several thousand people, but feeling as though you may have been thousands of miles away. As the ripped MRR in my hands got less and less appealing, I began to ponder the virtues of travel and my part in the illustrious occupation.

I've traveled more than my fair share, from the first time my incredibly brave parents let their 13 year old punkass son hitchhike his way around the West to the brown man in the deteriorating Bad Brains shirt that had tromped his way through the most desolate reaches of Latin America in a vain attempt to find something by losing himself in a foreign land.

Traveling breeds a special kind of individual; an individual for whom the destination isn't nearly as important as the journey. Who can smile at misfortune as being an experience and sheer luck as being divine intervention. Who knows full well the only way to really see a place is to get lost and eek yourself out with but the most sluggish, observant pace. Who can appreciate the joy of warmth, of dryness...of bunk beds underneath freeway overpasses and food boxes in random towns. Who sees the good natured side of the bitter, racist hick that picks them up or the sleazy truck driver that hits on them. Who know the joys of dumpster stew next to the tracks or boxcars full of cardboard. Who realizes the incredible impossibility of being picked up hitching in the middle of Little Rock, Arkansas in the middle of the night, or getting that special train that flies to your destination and whose engineer comes back at a siding to give you water and talk about the superbowl. Who have grown to enjoy the company of drunk old hobos as they slur out their tales of lost love, the War, or some other distant memory in between slugs off the bottle of Thunderbird sprouting from his grease stained hands.

With every mile that trails off in the span of tracks and ties to my rear, or fades away in the rearview mirror or that slowly drops away with each painful step, I appreciate life that much more. Throughout the three days I spent huddled in my soaked down sleeping bag in the cold metal womb of a 48 as rainshower after rainshower defeated my flimsy tarp in the proper execution of its duty, my only thought was how much I was going to appreciate the desert as the midline hits Wyoming, then Utah or what a luxury the hot showers awaiting me in Oregon were going to be. The ephemeral friendships I have made with the persons and trains that have given me ride and the landscapes through which I have trudged all finger in the back of my mind, waiting for a moment of resurrection in a boring class or campfire tale.



Hoboes and the Cars Formed an Immemorial Pattern



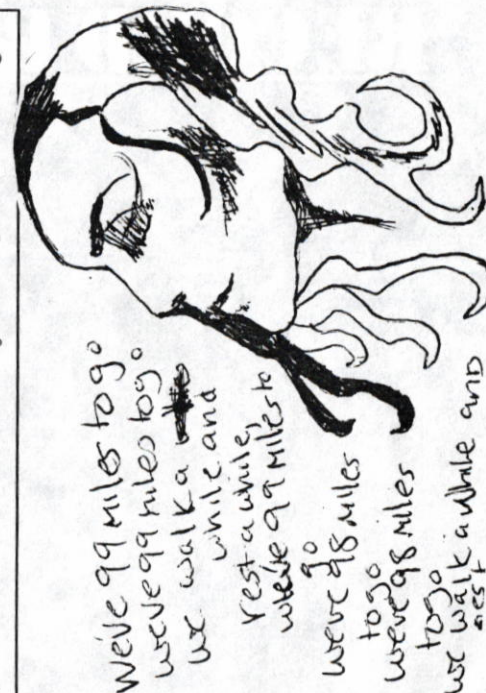


But in some of us, travel is a bug, an addiction, an uncontrollable urge, the spiritual equivalent of nourishing a hungry belly with warm food, the only possible recourse to an intense longing for the unknown. Every time the winter begins its final death throngs of sporadic rain between sunny days, I feel the passion rising. Every time I hear the whistle of the train or the buzz of the highway, or the whispering of the trees as they move with the passing of the unseen wind, I feel my knees get nervous and my mind stray to places far and near...the sense of being away, on my way to somewhere yet on my way to nowhere in particular. To the phrase nowhere=now here. So to all my nomadic kin, known and unknown, may all your rides be long, all your nights be warm and all your journeys meaningful...see you out there...! (Que le via bien)!"



## Sometimes, in Force and Numbers, 'Boes Were Unruly

This is another *zine* done by one of my heroes, only in her case, it isn't so much that she has been around a long time, traveled all over the place or been in some famous band, but that she hasn't. For the past two years, I've been reading her thoughts in various *zines* she has done in community where there are no *zines*, no inspiration, and no role models to work by and never have failed to be impressed. This *Time* is a more personal set of her writings where she discusses issues in her life in a very passionate and intimate manner. There is also a bunch of poetry from other kids and some rather morose art



So this is just a bunch of new wave, early punk stars reminiscing about the good ol' days. No really important punk people or anything even interesting. Boring, but 100 times better than *Kiss This...*



on top of the punk world at a particular moment, nothing but emotion, history, and travel. Every issue gives you a couple days worth of stories, tales, and thoughts from the road and if you aren't already traveling, will awaken that dormant travel bug in you and get you restless and antsy. TSAT is definitely one of my fave zines of all times, and its editor is one of those hyper intelligent, fun, and sweet people that one feels blessed to know...Ride free! MH (c/o hobos from hell pob 2497 santa cruz, ca 95063)

### Insterbate and Destroy (5.5x8.5" xerox 44 pgs \$7)

This is exactly what the editors described it as on the inside cover, smut, and not necessarily smut in that PC "try to be tasteful so we don't offend potential partners" bullshit manner. Tons of lesbian, genderbending, and otherwise perverse tales of fucking, fisting, and otherwise utilizing one's genitals to smash the state while simultaneously getting off. It sure is nice to know that there are other people out there who enjoy the unrestrained expression of their sexuality...Anyway, although the layout is pretty sloppy and some of the stories handwritten, they all added to the rough, honest ambience of the zine...A good mix of personal tales and sex stories that were both arousing and inspiring to all who read this zine...MH (pob 22824 Seattle, Wa 98122-0824)

### KIT 'Zine #7 (8.5x11" newsprint 24 pages \$2)

This zine immediately challenged me. It came with a nice, really friendly note (I'm a sucker for such things) and didn't look all that bad from the cover. However, upon opening the cover, I found "I hope and pray that God will open your eyes to the truth..." My gut reaction was like that of all whose political and spiritual beliefs are challenged; throw the offending matter away. However, having been picked up hitching by more than my fair share of Christians, I know that there are some really cool ones out there, and figured if this guy sent me his zine, I at least owed him a glance through it. The whole thing is X-tian based with little to hold my interest; no philosophical ramblings or analysis, nothing punk or hardcore except tooth and nail reviews and well, it had a big comic with a stereotypical female heroine replete with big breasts and no waist or tummy. If mediocre Christian literature is what you're craving, go for it...I'll pass...PN (27 E. Central Ave R5 Paoli, Pa 19301)

### MOD #3 (8.5x11" newsprint 50 pgs free)

A random smattering of indie rock, techno, and art-fag writing. Bari. Gag me with a spoon. SL pob 161024 San Diego, Ca 92176

### Mature Trash(?) (5.5x8.5" xerox 20 pgs)

I hated this comic zine. It is stereotypical porno bullshit; huge penises, submissive women with no waists and huge breasts, lots of "cum" and other bullshit for people who fuck vicariously through such publications without real sexual relations with other humans. I wonder why it was sent to me. Double gag me with a spoon...SL...(Robert Fleming Seattle, Wa)

### Prayertower (5.5x8.5" xerox 26pgs \$1)

So this is my friend Chad's zine, a fellow I have tons of respect for. Here he lays out a bunch of his thoughts on various subjects in an intelligent, coherent fashion. The whole zine is done under the sarcastic auspices of religious text which gives it a whole new layer of class...Excellent writing and a very dignified presentation. MH (SUM pob 8545 Tulsa, Ok 74101)

### Ring of Fire #2 (2.25x3" xerox \$1)

So last year, me and Pepe jumped trains up to Seattle, and when we got there, everyone was all upset 'cause a woman lost both her feet in a train mishap. I got home a couple weeks later and wrote her a get well card, but for whatever reason, never mailed it. Anyway, this is her zine, mostly about the physical and mental experiences in her life over the past year. It has a lot of really intense pieces on losing her feet, as well as a bunch of stuff about sex, sexuality and other fun stuff. The writing style is really intense and at times had me on the verge of tears and others, laughing myself silly; always the mark of a great zine. Furthermore, she brought up a number of issues pertaining to being "disabled" that I had never thought of, and left me thinking about them...If nothing else, it is named after a Johnny Cash song...I hope to see more in the future...MH (pob 22824 seattle, wa 98122-0824)

### Slug and Lettuce #53 (full size newsprint 16 pgs free)

What more can be said about S&L? It is one of those bastions of the punk community, regularly offering writings, reviews, networking possibilities, and rad photos. When archaeologists dig up the remnants of punk, they will



## SOME THOUGHTS ON FATHERHOOD

Last June I had the wonderful opportunity to give birth to living beings from my own flesh. I had just returned from my eight month travel journey through Central America and Mexico and wasn't in the best of shape. I was still recovering from amebic dysentery and was still racked by cramps and nauseous spells, the gash on my foot from eating shit surfing in El Salvador was still oozing dark yellow pus, and my skin had various festering bug bites that I had scratched excessively and then been unable to keep clean; I looked and felt like some stricken Old Testament pariah. After a week of hot showers, good food, and peroxide irrigations, my dysentery was next to gone, my foot scabbed up and healing, and all of my bites fading; except for one. On the bottom of my forearm, about halfway down stood a volcano shaped boil with a white head the size of a quarter. I kept lancing it and filling it with peroxide, but the thing would not go away. It didn't hurt unless I banged it on something, so didn't really think much of it... until I was sitting in my Politics of western Europe class and turned my attention to the fact that the whitehead had expanded to cover the area of a film canister lid and the whole area become increasingly swollen. Being very curious about my own bodily functions and bored out of my whits about the class subject, I began squeezing it. After an initial surge of yellow and white pus cleared the wound, I was a bit shaken to see four little white worms, about 3/4 an inch long squirming out of the abscess. My stomach dropped and I sat there hypnotized on the writhing figures on my arm until I noticed that the guy sitting next to me was staring at me with a look of revulsion. As discretely as possible, as if to pretend nothing out of the ordinary had happened, I wiped the entire area away with my bandanna. The next day, following a bunch of betadine treatments and a tub of Rice Dream (for moral courage) the boil faded into a crusty scab and the swelling disappeared. Every time I look down at the purplish disk of discoloration that marks my first and only experience as "dad," I am filled with an immense sense of pride, yet a deep sense of regret. Had I not wiped my spawn away with that greasy bandanna, I could have potentially nurtured my young 'uns into mature tropical pests, just like their mom, who had the foresight to lay them in the skin of a nice vegan gringo who had stumbled his way through the dank flats of the Costa Caribe of Honduras...



# Veganism...

preaching from the bully pulpit of privilege

Ahh veganism... the PC standard of the 1990s punk scene. All things considered, I think the focus on veganism in the scene has been a positive development. It has drawn a ton more attention to animal rights/liberation issues, has raised lots of consciousness about all the nasty shit that really goes into the food we eat, has introduced an element of politics far more realistic than circle "a"s and vague notions about revolutionary anarchism, inspired a new generation of direct action, and well, being highly concerned with these issues myself, it is always nice to see the scene come around to one's own political "camp." However, I do see a substantial amount of flaws both in the thought patterns veganism has manifested itself into and in the actions resulting from it.

First of all, far too many vegans in the scene are arguing from a staunchly middle/upper middle/ upper class background of privilege and from a perspective that, in my opinion, neglects far greater issues like sustainable development and holistic ecosystems. Let's take for example the rainforests of Central America where I was fortunate enough to spend some time. The indigenous peoples that live in what are some of the last intact tropical forests left on earth are almost entirely dependent on meat for sustenance. They trap and hunt forest critters from wild boars to monkeys to lizards to sloths and have done so sustainably since before recorded time without noticeably altering the ecosystem, nor destroying the populations of their prey. Yes, animals die. Yes, there is a good amount of suffering involved as spears, arrows and traps are decidedly painful ways to meet one's fate. But would I rather have a few particular species of animals harvested sustainably, or would I rather watch what little rainforest remains on this smoldering ball of hydrogen and carbon clearcut to make room for agriculture so that these tribes could dissolve their culture in the name of producing soybeans for organic tofu? What is more devastating to more lives, hunting for sustenance or destroying an entire ecosystem? Although many of the more ignorant dogma beaters would prefer the latter (or do so implicitly), I clearly prefer the former.

Furthermore, a number of vegans have entirely removed themselves and the critters they claim to represent from the processes of the natural world. Animals die and are nourished by the blood of others. It is a process far older than humanity and one that will continue long after we vacate the earth. No preachy white kid in an Earth Crisis shirt can convince me otherwise knowing what I do of biology and ecology. Unfortunately for the biological revisionists, humanity is no exception to these natural processes. Humanity has been endowed with the unique ability to survive on everything from raw meat to raw grains to hydrogenated, sugar filled goodies like twinkles and infinite combinations thereof. All the recent studies that righteously attempt to portray the eating of critters for sustenance as a recent occurrence for humanity (usually tied to the pseudo-anthropological "rise of patriarchy"), aside from being scientifically flawed, are lame attempts to justify current attitudes by creating a falsified historical precedent.

Now don't get me wrong, I have been a hardcore vegan for almost four years and am a fervent opponent of commercial agribusiness and animal research, but there is a point at which contemporary vegan thought misses the bigger picture of ecological integrity. I would personally much rather see a bunch of rednecks running around the woods killing deer than clearcutting old growth forest to grow crops or god forbid, graze more goddam cows.



# ZINE REVIEWS

**Zine Ratings:** mt=motherhead-quality literary enjoyment in every sense of the word, get this zine at any cost. JP=Judas Priest=A zine with some excellent stuff, but some average stuff as well. A good investment anyway. DK=Do Me=An ok effort, but nothing to write home about or get talked across your back. Average. PS=Persons=Interesting, interesting, illegible, not exciting in the least, but tolerable at times. SL=Slapface=A lame piece of shit not worthy of your worst enemy's attention. Fodder for toilet paper.

## Big Brother Feb. 1998 (8.5x11" slick as fuck 100+ pgs \$4)

So I picked this up not having read it since high school and not really expecting much. And I was partially correct in my assumptions. This slick skateboarding mag is chock full of cussing, swearing, and pretty humour ala any 13 year old misfit: kinda like if Beavis and Butt-head became skaters, graduated from an school and started a magazine. Aside from references to "sweaty bulidyle leshians," "thicks," and "ragies," this issue had me laughing my ass off for the better part of two days. The interview questions are above and beyond 99% of what comes out these days, and the interview with Megadeth in which the question is asked "Have you ever been in the mall and some guy is like 'They holy, nice ass' cause you, like, have long hair and tight pants and they back you can't really tell if you're a girl or not, then you turn around and he's like 'Yuck! Do you kick his ass?' almost made me pee myself. I was laughing so hard. It is not everyday that I am so amused. If you don't skate and don't appreciate sarcasm, don't buy this, you will find nothing at all rewarding. JP (steal me!!)

## Earth First! March-April 1998 (newspaper 35pgs \$3.50)

Ok, so I have been one of the Journal's biggest critics over the past few years for their abandonment of humor, controversy, and debate for the security of ideological stagnancy and watered down jelly bullshit, but this issue marks the beginning of what some of us hope is a return to the old days when it was fun to read (I have been promised so by some of the staff). Aside from the usual direct action pieces, this has a nice resurrection of the violence vs non-violence debate and some other good stuff. If you are at all interested in learning or getting involved with direct action campaigns, this is a great place to start. JP (no box 1415 Eugene, Or 97440)

## Existence #1 (8.5x11" news 20pgs \$12)

So the woman that does this is, Bonny, is one of those individuals that incarnates everything that is good and positive about hardcore. She is open, energetic, and never seems to lose faith in hardcore, and her zine is no different. Interviews with LMH, Wanda Glow Skafis, and the Drapes, a list of Oregon skateparks and some reviews, were all readable, but never really incendiary enough to get me going. The layout is a bit scattered, but all in all I liked this zine. It would be a fresh and positive read after reading me rant and criticize everything in the world. JP (60 Bonny pub 552 Gladstone, Oregon 97027)

## Existence #1.5 (5.5x8.5" 10 pgs \$3)

A mini-sequel to her first zine effort, Bonny brings us another interview (this time Second Coming), an essay about hardcore, and some thoughts by a friend of hers. An improvement in layout, but still lacking the confrontational or humorous vomit I like in my reading material. JP

## La Expresión #3 (newspaper 12 pgs Postage and donations)

Although this isn't a zine in the traditional sense, it is a remarkably important periodical, being the first spanish language paper in Eugene, and one that covers controversial topics from a Latino viewpoint that is all too often overlooked in politics. This issue has tons of stuff about the INS and immigration, Chaparral, an interview with Cecilia Rodriguez/peppers the most important human rights activist in America) and some educational stuff on Simon Bolivar which goes along with the Escuela de la Gente (free school) program the editors are facilitating. If you read spanish (it is entirely in spanish) and are interested at all in learning more about grassroots organizing and counter media from some incredible people, I highly recommend this paper. MH (po box 3058 Eugene, Or 97403)

## Far From Home #7 (8.5x11" newspaper 48 pgs free)

Welcome yet another addition to the herd of mediocrity which has

become punk zines these days. Like Punk Planet, Mr. Propane, and any number of other full size zines that run down the formula format: letters, columns, interviews, and reviews, all interspersed with ads and band photos. Not that they do a bad job of it, but there was nothing particularly exciting about the content. Interviews with AIF, FINAL CONFLICT, and PINEHEAD CIRCUS, some reproduced PETA pamphlets, and pseudo-political sloganeering without a drop of fact or analysis didn't do a thing for me. The photos and layout were good, and you gotta commend kids whenever the context on an endeavor like this, could only get better with age. dk (60 Nick 7512 amigo ave Reseda, Ca 91335)

## The Final Nail #2 (8.5x11" news 32 pgs)

So this is a no holds barred death knell to the fur industry. Slick layout with articles on grand juries, security systems, and fur farm liberations, ridiculously coarse and well written pieces on how to liberate animals, build incendiary devices, cut fences, and otherwise destroy the fur industry. It ends with a summary of all major fur operations in North America complete with names, home addresses, and phone numbers of their operators. This is not a rhetoric magazine filled with happy pictures and bullshit talk, nor is it an apologetic pamphlet draped with sad, heart wrenching anthropocentric accounts of animal abuse. It is a veritable textbook for ALF. If you wanna learn how to build bombs, dodge security systems, liberate fur farms, and hit the right targets, this is your zine. Since its authors are completely anonymous, it is only available through distribution... MH (\$2 to antipathy pub 11703 Eugene, or 97440)

## F.O.E. #38 (8.5x11" newspaper 50pgs free)

As I was saying, punk zines have become increasingly formula over the years, and this is no exception. Letters, show reviews, writings, interviews, yawn, yawn. A rudimentary interview with Sizz that failed to delve any deeper than hand details, and tons of ads, lots of categorized reviews as well. Since I can't say much more here, I'm gonna shut up now. PN (pub a Brethechen, Pa 18016)

## Full Gallop (3x2.5" minizine news 83 pgs \$5)

Alth!!!: Finally a zine with some life to it that doesn't look like some bastard child of MRR, hand painted cover, bizarre size, hand painted cover, disorienting art work, neat stories, no reviews, rain stuff. I liked it. Although the layout is sloppy, indeed chaotic and the art at times incomprehensible to my linear minded self, I really like this. It has a bunch of people's contributions in it, which gives it a refreshing variety of style and opinion, and is far closer to what zines are supposed to be than most of the shit out there that passes for a zine without a modicum of creativity or uniqueness. MH (60 Dan B. pub 37 Brocton, Mn 56014)

## Heartattack #17 (8.5x11" newspaper 62 pgs \$25)

Once again, in what might be the best bargain in all of punk, Kent and co. bring another dose of columns, letters, and way more reviews than I even want to think about to light. A great column by Scott Broken, interview with Delektation, and a little op ed piece by some Portland zinesters made this issue a good read, albeit a bit short in solid content. Always a good investment and good way to keep tabs with the happenings of the scene... keep up the good work. JP (po box 680 gulden, ca 95116)

## There's Something About A Train #4

(8.5x11 news 110 pgs \$6)  
What can I say about the brain child of one of my long term heroes in the world? This is another huge, thick zine of train stories covering the trials, tribulations, victories and triumphs of the rails. There are no reviews, no shallow interviews with whatever band is





XXX: Some thoughts on Direct Action. Direct Action has, in many ways, become something of a buzzword throughout the punk and hardcore circles and, as anyone with any experience in the "activist" community knows, is regarded only slightly less than as a religion. However, contrary to what most "activists" claim, most of the shit that goes down under the label direct action, is neither active, nor direct. For example, sitting in a tripod in front of the Federal Building publicly highlighting one's opposition to Replacement Volume, animal testing, or the fact that one can't buy Bob Berry Coral anymore is NOT direct action. In the first place, it is not an action, it is a reaction. Sure, in the verbal sense, you are doing something, but it is not a forward movement, but rather a reaction to something shitty going on that's success if reliant still further on other individuals, reactions. Furthermore, there is nothing direct about it. Protesters, chants, and lock downs that don't immediately thwart your nemesis are not direct. All require an intermediate step to achieve their goal, be it government decisions to enforce the very laws they so painstakingly craft, corporate decisions to stop cutting an area or testing on critters, or the development of a broad base of support which could only enhance further actions.

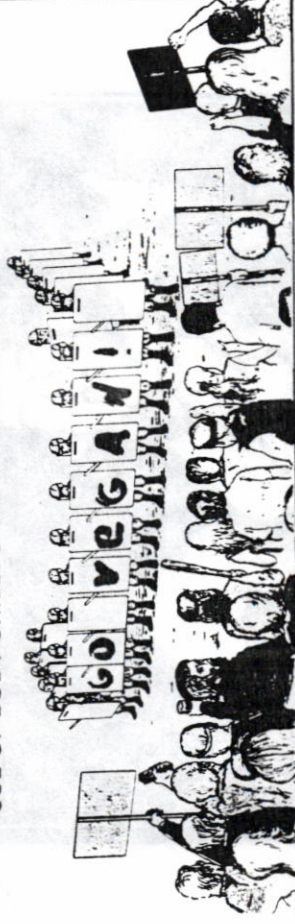
Now don't get me wrong, I ain't slandering protest, 'cause I do see it as being a necessary instrument in our various struggles. However, for every instance some reactive, ineffective protest is labeled "direct action", the true meaning of that word is further corrupted and watered down, thus heading down the same liberalized path as "revolution", "struggle", "liberation", and "environmentalism" before it. Direct Action is more than chants and banners. It is sabotage. It is blocking roads. It is destroying roads. It is blocking doorways to important meetings. It is blowing up buildings of important meetings. It is riding your bike in the middle of the direct blocking traffic. It is flattening car tires and draining their oil pans. It is putting exploitative businesses out of business. It is burning them to the ground. It is freeing animals from cages (human and non). It is filing suits. It is killing judges. It is digging locks. It is destroying products. It is shoplifting. It is logging dam intakes. It is removing dams. It is digging culverts. It is killing the enemy. It is gashing fur coats in a store. It is hijacking a train of nuclear waste. It is locking down to dozens and trucks. It is destroying those very machines. It is hacking their computer systems. It is blowing up an embassy full of American nukes. It is bombing a Federal Building. It is putting whatever means one possesses in the rampaging path of evil. It is putting your life on the line for what you believe. Direct action is an act of war, as symbolic as it may be. It necessarily calls for the use of force and physical action (whether or not that force is violent or well placed depends on the particulars). Direct action is direct. Direct action is active.

Although I don't believe in the unnecessary killing of beings in political disputes, nevertheless assassinations, bombings and the like are some of the most intense forms of direct action and ones far greater than the meager, liberalized bullshit that has succeeded in pulling the teeth from a word that once had meaning not only for its practitioners, but also for its targets. There was once a time when direct action drove a stake of fear through the hearts of factory owners, businessmen, slave traders, heads of state, and other likely targets. There was a time when direct action meant that if all else failed, one could abandon their attempts for reconciliation and compromise and do it themselves. This spirit has been lost to a generation of apologists pseudo-activists, their bureaucratic organizations and emasculated rhetoric. It is high time to bring it back from its lethargic, politically correct corpse. Let us resurrect the spirit of the Luddites. Of John Brown. Of Emiliano Zapata. Of the Pre-Romanov Cossacks. Of Buenaventura Durruti. Of Blackbeard. Of Topac: Anaru. Let us cast aside the three word chants, recycled slogans, and ineffective tactics that have hindered and restrained us for so long. It is time to untangle ourselves from the knotted masses of dogma, doctrine, and religion that bind our every action and forge ahead with fresh, realistic, and effective tactics and strategies. The time is now.



Which leads me to another point, that of class privilege and ignorance. Let's face it, veganism is a middle/upper class phenomenon that exists almost completely in the privileged nations of the North. Not only are we gifted with the economic ability to spend money on records and books while contemplating such matters, but we also have the unique standard to judge all other cultures from our elevated pulpit of privilege. It is really fucking easy for people, like the guy I've been exchanging words with via e-mail, to say that cultures that are forced to survive on the blood of others shouldn't exist, while sitting at his computer desk munching on vegan chocolate chips and drinking organic fruit juice. Try going down to Nicaragua and telling the people that live in the hills around Esteli that they shouldn't eat chicken (their number one source of food) or the Kuna Indians in Panama that they shouldn't kill jaguars and sloths for food, basically telling them that they have no right to exist because they don't survive according to your sentiments. Fuck that. I am positive that vegan kids that say shit like that are just speaking from the bowels of ignorance, never having seen how people survive in the middle of a tropical rainforest or high desert with dry granitic soil and no irrigation and are saying it so they can rest assured in the obvious universal applicability of their thoughts. If this isn't the case, well...I can think of a few other ideologies that maintain that certain people shouldn't live because of even less significant discrepancies in lifestyles (ahemhitlerahemgoebbelsahempatrobersonahem) and well, I for one will throw myself between any attempt to actualize this type of rhetoric. It is essential that vegans realize that not everyone on this earth has the ability to go down to the health food store whenever they get a little pang of hunger to pick up some baked tofu and soy milk and that although not harming other sentient critters ought be a goal for all, it is not always possible on mere reasons of sustenance. Sure, in the North, where we have the privilege to eat vegan and wear certain types of clothing, it is absolutely reprehensible to kill sentient beings simply as a matter of convenience, but face it, we are the minority. The latest report from the various UN development agencies found that 86.4% of the world's population lives below the level of basic sustenance; in plain terms, more than 4 out of every five people in the world go hungry on a daily basis....Such situations are hardly fertile ground for philosophies that limit what little they can actually eat...

### USE OF BODY SHIELDS IN A CROWD CONTROL FORMATION



The purpose in this is not to justify the needless killing of animals, nor to spawn another wave of guilty middle class white kids. My purpose was to give veganism a little slap in the face and awaken people to the fact that as much as animals have a right to live, we are all bound by laws that go far deeper than Earth Crisis lyrics; the laws of nature. No amount of moralist revisionism can change the fact that animals kill one another to survive...anyone who has ever spent an afternoon in the woods can reaffirm this without question... Furthermore, only the most anthropocentric pimple of a human can deny that humans are indeed animals and consequently, are bound by the same laws...Now, as much as this is gonna sound



culturally chauvinistic, humans that live in the privileged North are a bit of an exception. We have inherited a systemic production of food that has removed us from the trenches of the war for survival and given us the liberty to look at biological processes from a distant, neutral outlook (which, aside from giving veganism its modicum of support, has also spawned nasty things like agribusiness and factory farms that treat life not as an animal, or even nutrition, but profit). We must necessarily lower ourselves from the moral highground of privilege and see that not all of the world is in the same economic or nutritional position as us, and adjust our sentiments accordingly.

Now, this leaves me in a bit of a moral dilemma. As much as I would like to affirm the benefits of Western/Northern development and work for change that would bring all of humanity up to our economic level and consequently save countless critters from certain and inevitable death, the consequences of this mentality sends chills up my spine. Do I really want to see all of humanity completely withdrawn from natural processes and global ecosystems in general? Do I really want to see a world like the one envisioned by Amory Cleveland of the Fund for Animals where entire ecosystems are displaced so the entire concept of predator and prey is destroyed and humans control populations through sterilization? Fuck no. I find wild nature, in all of its painful, blood soaked reality far more valuable morally than any multitude of artificially induced, kinder gentler realities and will vehemently oppose any action towards this latter goal, as humane and kind as it may be. So where does this leave us? Personally, I prefer to leave nature as God/Goddess/A freak sequence of circumstances intended...wild and free...However, as far removed from nature as we are in this society, we have the option of sustaining ourselves without the pain and anguish of the millions and could only, with the coldest, most inhumane deliberation, choose to continue the brutality of industrial exploitation and "scientific" use.



ity, or accused myself or other non-monomonists of being sluts, womanizers, manizers, whores, etc., I would have a massive record collection on my own tropical island with change to boot. Although these attacks are specifically leveled against those of us who love outside of tradition, they represent more substantial underlying assumptions about sex and sexuality in general. First are the assumptions that if one has plural partners a) they do so only to "get off" or to "get laid" and b) by doing so, they are mistreating all their partners, which in philosophical terms, solidifies the notion that humans are "supposed" to have but one partner, as well as multiple other issues concerning sexuality that I am sure the Catholic Church would be in complete concurrence with (sex for reproduction, fidelity as a virtue, etc.). Basically, I call bullshit on all these attacks. Non-monomony and I all about sex. By focusing attention on this one aspect, the more substantial, threatening tenets against hierarchy, domination, and gender roles are ignored. Not a single practicing non-monomonist I know reflects any of these assumptions, nor do I respect sentiments that attempt and define my sexuality under moral tradition or personal misunderstanding. (It's a bit ironic how similar the attacks against non-monomony and those against homosexuality are, insofar as they both attempt to define what is morally acceptable sexuality and confront only the act of sex itself...)

I am non-monomonist. I refuse to be treated as an inanimate object of possession, just as I refuse to regard another person as my personal property. The jealousy and domination so prevalent in monogamous relationships stem directly from a culture that preaches ownership of other beings, human or not, down to the most carnal, intimate details, a culture which I resent and reject in every manifestation.

Yeah, standing in opposition to traditional definitions of relationships hasn't always been simple, easy or painless. There have been a couple nasty misunderstandings that have left feelings hurt on both sides. There have been instances at which I felt betrayed by other individual's reticent actions. There have been wicked arguments between myself and non-monomonist partners over what exactly constitutes non-monomony. But all in all, these experiences have further refined my thoughts on non-monomony and illuminate a future of better quality relationships. Through the various trials and tribulations that have snatched me in the face more often than I would like to admit, I have developed some personal guidelines that I try and stick to: • Always talk about matters of sexuality, commitment, etc. BEFORE you get involved or nasty misunderstandings will inevitably arise. • Talk honestly, talk often • Avoid the "primary partner" version of monogamous non-monomony like the plague. • Recognize jealousy for the selfish, possessive pest it is. • Always treat your partners as autonomous beings and place yourself in their shoes whenever a conflict may arise. • Most importantly, love safe and love a lot... At risk of shameless self promotion, these subjects will be explicitly dealt with during the Asylum punk/hardcore convergence (June 17-23) and the Earth First! Rendezvous (June 29-July 6) both in Oregon. Contact me for more info or to discuss anything... po box 11703 Eugene, or 97440 tac@efn.org (541) 431-8080...



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|----------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 9-23 Steamship, Santa Cruz | 9-30 Portland                          |
| 9-24 Longbranch, Berkeley  | 10-1 The Place, Eugene                 |
| 9-27, 8 Quadra, Vancouver  | 10-5, 6 Mabuhay Gardens, San Francisco |
| 9-29 Bird, Seattle         | 10-12 San Jose                         |



*(ok, so actually this was written for HeartAttack a few months ago, but I have no idea if they are gonna use it or not...)*



Ever since the "good ole days" of yesteryear, punk has viewed itself as an alternative to the staunch complacency and rigidity of "normal" society and utilized sexuality as a means of separation or personal identification. However, this use of sexuality, be it the vague notions of deviancy invoked by wearing B&D/S&M wear (bondage belts, collars, lots of leather), feigning of sexual relations outside of traditional good and state endorsed heterosexual monogamy by expressing affection towards someone of the same sex, or even today's new standards of simulated asexuality(esp. in the hardcore scene), has very rarely, if ever, been honest; hence becoming manifest as a prime catalyst for repression. For example, how many punks that wear bondage gear have ever been actively involved in B&D or S&M? How many times have you seen two admittedly straight kids pretending to be queer just to piss off someone? How many kids do you know that truly live without sexual impulses or feelings and really believe all the hyper-sensitive, downright regressive notions of chastity that have surfaced in recent days?

Similarly, in recent years the concept of non-monogamy has become a veritable buzzword of the punk, hardcore, and activist communities and not without justification. Non-monogamy in its pure, unadulterated form represents honest, communicative relationships of intimacy without the standards of possession, domination, and repression so prevalent in our society. Personally, I see non-monogamy as the logical extension of my politics into all aspects of my life, including sexuality (if the personal is political, then the sexual is doubly so...) and a tremendously positive practice in avoiding the repressive pitfalls of traditional god and state endorsed monogamy, while simultaneously forging more honest and meaningful relationships.

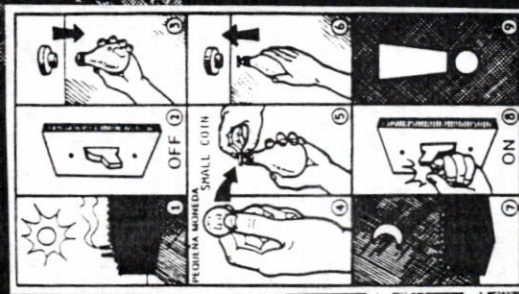
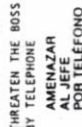
On the far hand, there is a huge lack of understanding by most people unfamiliar with the rudiments of non-monogamy, as they invoke namecalling and slander to attack facets of a concept that threatens their most intimate values and personal insecurities. At risk of regurgitating a cliché, if I had a penny for every time someone equated non-monogamy with promiscuity, tired old hippie notions of "free love," or blatant immoral-

My words materialize and vaporize at will

## Can't escape

## Can't escape

**their ways.**



I was looking through some old stuff at my parents' house & found this old poem I wrote when I was 13.. I used to be 5000 punk... I wonder what happened...

All these instructions were taken from the CIA's "Freedom Fighter Manual" distributed en masse to Nicaraguans in the '80s to subvert the revolution... (see... the same things work here in the U.S. of A...



# Me and the Business

## some thoughts on prostitution

I wasn't too smart when I moved to Central America. I hadn't worked in more than six months and went down without much funding. Granted, it's cheap to live in that particular part of the Third World, but even five months of \$30 rent and cheap food (as well as weekly bus fares to go surfing and booze money for my fledgling rum habit) soon left me broke with little hope to continue on my travels to L.A. by land. By April, I had pretty much accepted this fact and was looking forward to heading home to Casacudia for a summer of activism in the woods. A couple weeks before I was scheduled to leave, I went out on a friend's offer for a night of drinking and dancing at my favorite club, Desha Vu. After five or six rum and cokes, (needless to say I was welcomed to the Edge at this point in my life) the lure of Madonna singing "No me lloré Argentina" was too much and I hit the dance floor with my bro Oscar in tow. An hour or so later, we went back to the bar to refresh ourselves with more poison, and soon after ordering, Oscar got up to go piss. As soon as he got up, a man I had noticed sitting at the other side of the bar stroled over and sat in Oscar's place. Now, I am always into making friends, but this guy creeped me out. He was about 5'6" with thin, curly hair and wearing a snazzy, obviously very expensive three piece suit. He came onto me really hard, telling me how he spoke really good English and drove a Mercedes convertible. I was hardly interested 'cause aside from the fact that he was short, ugly and obnoxious, the short haired guy at the other end of the bar and I had been making eyes at each other all night, and I sorta figured if we didn't go home together, that we would at least have each others' info for future rendezvous. Oscar soon returned and the sleazy rich guy, Edward, noticing that I was ignoring him, regained his spot on the other side of the bar. My friend that had sponsored the evening found a nice gringo exchange student she wanted to fuck and soon enough, we exchanged the customary "kiss kiss" cheek smooches and as she departed, I hit the dancefloor again.

As Declaie came on with "I'll never dance for another" me and the good looking guy started dancing together and soon enough, he was lip synching the words to me and me to him...it was fun...until his boyfriend came into the picture and threatened my life. I retreated to the bar for another Cuba Libre (rum and coke) content with the fact he had slipped his number into my pocket during the conflict. "No worries" I thought as I hit my next drink. "A couple more and I'll stumble my way to the bus station and then home for my five hangover remedy, peanut butter cookies and water." Suddenly the annoying guy was next to me again. "I see you dancing..." he whispered into my ear. "You is very sexy." I scooted the stool over as best I could in my inebriated condition and tried to ignore him. "Has you ever been wif a Latin Lover?" He asked. "You want to know why they call us the best?" I was about to turn and tell him, "yeah, I've slept with a number of Latinas of both genders, and that aside from the hot blooded Chicheña I'd met in Honduras, gringo anarchists could fuck better than all of 'em combined." But out of courtesy and perhaps the fear that although my drunken Spanish was pretty good, I couldn't slur that phrase out if I tried, I chickened out and feigned curiosity. He continued... "You want to go home with me? My car is outside. I'll buy you dinner, some cacha (cachaime), anything you want." I put on my best disinterested face. He continued "I'll buy you breakfast, drive you home..." and then with but a modicum of hesitation he added "I pay you."

I was already certain of the fact that I wasn't going to fuck this sleazy ass guy for five bucks or something, so when he said "I pay you...I pay you doce mil colonos..." my front dropped away. "Doce mil colonos?" I asked.

"Yes, 12 thousand. I don't want to go home by myself tonight...I'm aloney..."

Shit. Even in my drunken state I could add and reason money matters. He was offering me about \$60. That was more than I spent in a month. That was my ticket to travel, at least for awhile. "What the hell?" I thought. "I am at least twice this guy's size and if anything gets sketchy, I have my pepper spray to facilitate my beating the shit out of him..."

"Por doce mil..." I told him.

He looked up with a smile. "Doce mil."

I waved good-bye to Oscar and Edgar, and winked at my new short haired friend as I danced out of the room to that new hip hop version of "Staying Alive", followed by the gleaming short man in the three piece suit. Immediately upon leaving the bar, we got in his car (which was a new Mercedes sports convertible), hit a market for a bottle of rum, and drove to his house. Edward lived in a large house in the

How to be punk how to be punk... some lessons on the proper term  
Part 1...tattoos...

Ever since the 1920s, tattoos have been the mark of rebellion for millions of deviants, miscreants, and losers. What better way to piss off your mom, extinguish any hope of gainful employment, and generally identify yourself as a bad ass rebel than to permanently sink noxious tints into your skin? That's right, there is no better way...so here are a few pointers to get you started on your path to punkdom...

### A-Shop tattoos-----ashop

First and foremost, no self respecting (or self loathing depending on how you call it) punk should ever get a professional tattoo...unless of course you are in a famous hardcore band that will use the tattoo to sell yourselves, in which case it is a tax deductible expense and is ok. Shop tattoos are sterile, clean, sharp, and have low risk for scarring or infection. In two words, not punk. Unless you are rich, a poser, or just not punk, you will opt for option II...thus saving your cash for booze (or new athletic gear if sxe)

### B-Don't it yourself-----\*\*\*\*

The first step to good tattooing is inebriation. I prefer fortified wine topped with a 40oz of the cheapest malt liquor. If you are sxe, get your buzz by drinking a 64 oz Big Gulp of Mountain Dew or if you are really sxe, start your tattooing after a big fight or a hard evening kickboxing. The next step is a design. Band logos are always good, as are random symbols, rebellious, pseudo-political cliches, and swear words. The Grass and conflict symbols will win you lots of punk points and the classic skull with mohawk is a guaranteed success. If you're sxe try power words like "discipline" or "pride" tattooed in old English script or raised fists are fun as well. Now you are ready to start tattooing...most punk uses the single needle "stick and poke" technique, although some overachievers as of late have been using handmade guns from old walkman parts and bio pens. So you need off your spiky jacket work fine, as do the needles out of your rig kit...just clean 'em off with a jigger from your fifth and a few rubs between your finger and you can start poking away. Simply dip the needle in ink (india or otherwise) and stick the needle into your skin over and over until you have a tattoo. For better ink flow, try tying a piece of string or look of hair around the needle to better hold the ink. If you want get real hardcore, tie two or three needles together with string and the work will go much faster.

After a couple days, your new tattoo will get all dry and soaky. Don't listen to those posers that will tell you to keep it clean or put ointment on it, 'cause they just want your punk tattoo to look like the shop work they just got done. Besides, if you let it scab real bad, it will look really old and possibly be surrounded by scar tissue, both of which are punk as fck. That way, no matter how old you are, you can claim you got that DK tattoo back in '82 in the tenderloin and everyone will have to believe you 'cause you are so punk.

Punk Points for common tattoos: Anything on the face or knuckles is 200pp, involving the word fuck 100, of the Dead Kennedy's logo is 100, with skulls is 110, 150 if the skull has a punk haircut. Anything with punk slogans is worth 117, and if the slogan involves alcohol or drugs, 130. Hardcore points for tattoos: The word hardcore is worth 200 pp, raised fists are 130, gang signs from some old or non-existent crew are 160, and the judge hammers a cool 120. sxe tats are all worth 112, unless it is an X on the hand.



# AFGHANIS TAN

Mujahadin... 1981-1991



For more than a decade, the men & women of the Mujahadin waged an intense armed insurgency against the vastly more powerful and better equipped Soviet military. Though constantly defeated in battle, reduced to near death by famine and subjected to the most brutal of conditions, the Afghan rebels persevered. At the end of 1991, the Soviet invaders pulled out.

## Forgotten Resistance of the Month...

hills atop Escazú, the richest region in all of Costa Rica. We locked his car in the steel gated garage and went into his house. Damn, he was rich. The whole place was done up super snazzy with tons of art work and odd shaped furniture. On the far wall of his living room was a massive television bordered by more technical equipment than the entire Costa Rican government possessed... CD player, stereo, laser disc, the works.

As he broke open the bottle of rum, he bragged about his various business exploits which had made him a board member on some fortune 500 company I had never heard of, and a few minutes later turned on the TV and we started watching some Bulls game on cable. As we watched Michael Jordan slam dunk bulls while being championed by some Spanish announcer, Edward began touching my thigh and soon enough, he was on top of me slamming his tongue down my throat. I hate being kissed like a barbarian. He pulled my hand over to his crotch and began gliding my hand over the rising tissue in his pants. He then put his hand behind my head and began pushing my head down towards his crotch. Shut, I could now empathize with so many of my female friends on why they hated giving head; it sucks to have your head pushed. But I was in control and was getting paid, so I went for it with as much enthusiasm as I could muster. I unzipped his pants and pulled them down to his ankles and began to work his smallish penis with my slobber covered hands. He moaned and groaned and again pulled my head towards his crotch. I fished around in my pocket for a condom (never go dancing without 'em) finally coming up with a mint flavored one. I put it on him with almost no effort and after about two minutes of sucking hard on his shaft while working the bottom of the pants with my tongue, he started shaking and I felt the unmistakable surges of semen shooting up his shaft and into the slack of the condom. Mission accomplished. He groaned contentedly as I pulled the condom off of him and wiped the semen away with a bath towel that had been sitting on the back of the leather couch. He passed out smiling. After drinking a bunch of water and eating some fried platano chips while flipping through the channels, I succumbed to my sleepiness and curled up on the couch.

shit wrong lapiche gross gringo sleaze -  
bitch Deja vu El Pota Faggot bucket  
culo  
Tramp sick slimy

I awoke at about 10 am hungover as a motherfucker but to an empty house. I strolled around the house checking everything out, and as I hit the bathroom for a morning piss, I found a note attached to three 5000 colone bills and surrounded by about two bucks in coinage. He thanked me for last night and wanted to take me out to dinner that very night and to Manuel Antonio that weekend. Would I go? I scribbled down a rough explanation that I was already going away that weekend and had plans that night, but would probably see him at Deja Vu next week... I collected my cash and headed out for a bus home.

I would repeat the same exercise twice more before I left the country, a practice which earned me almost \$200 in cash, enough to make it from Costa Rica to Los Angeles over the next two months.

I was pretty stoked on the situation until I told my friend, the nice gal from L.A. She was shocked, astounded, and a bit mad and she told me so. How could I degrade myself to that? Wasn't I worried about AIDS? What kind of loser pays to get laid? I told her where I was coming from and how that money would be enough to permit me to travel, how I was super safe, and how he was a nice, albeit obnoxious man with more money than personality. She remained unconvinced.

In an effort to convince her (and perhaps convince myself that I had done something wrong, 'cause I was surprised at the lack of guilt I had), I started regurgitating old Emma Goldman contentions about how prostitution and capitalist work were essentially the same insofar as both were bodily exertion in exchange for money. How the ends of my being able to travel far exceeded the means of having to jerk a slimy rich guy off a few times. How I didn't mind and I, being the ultimate overseer of my own actions, wasn't about to stop. In essence, I justified all of prostitution, and insodding, vindicated myself from any fault whatsoever.

Now, I know that my situation is different from most prostitutes insofar as I was in a situation in which I was in complete control. I was with a man much smaller than myself who had been nothing but nice (and sleepy) to me and I was doing it for economic opportunity rather than physical survival. But nonetheless, as an action, what I did was the same: trading sexual gratification for cold, hard cash. And although I am not actually searching for clients, if such a similar situation arose, I would take it in a second.

However, I don't see prostitution as being without ills. Disease does exist, and if nothing else, like having too much sex or too many partners, it tends to cheapen the experience or at least make it not so consuming for the future. Has anyone else out there ever swapped sex for something? If so, let me know... I am pretty fascinated by the whole occupation.



# NO COMPROMISE IN DEFENSE OF... POLITICAL IMPOTENCE, IDEOLOGICAL COMFORT, RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION, IGNORANCE, AND INTOLERANCE

This past weekend I had the opportunity to attend the Public Interest Environmental Law Conference that his Eugene every spring and graces our fair city with the presence of environmentalists from across the world as they come to discuss, argue, and party. Having worked a bunch in trying to reconcile environmental issues with persons outside the radical environmental scene, mainly rednecks and hunter/gun folks, I was immediately intrigued by the "Environmentalists and Hunters, working for a better world" panel and decided to ignore a nasty ass cold and bring my sick ass into attendance.

The first speaker was the state representative from Ducks Unlimited who, as he spoke, totally reminded me of the kind of guys my dad and I used to talk shit about back in my days of being a hunter/fisherman. You know, the kind of yuppies that pull up to hunt in a shiny new Sport utility vehicle with leather interior, cd player and cellphone, get out in their brand name gore-tex camo suit carrying an imported shotgun...the same people that flyish. Anyway, he got up there and spent about 20 minutes illustrating all the work Ducks Unlimited has done in preserving wetlands (which they have done to a far greater extent than any other body anywhere) fine. Great. Dandy. Yuppies ain't all bad.

The next speaker was one of those people I totally respect immediately, as they speak bluntly, honestly, and with an effective use of sarcasm without pretension or respect for political bullshit. He was a hunter, or as he preferred to say, "one who gets their own protein" who was also a hardcore environmentalist and believe it or not, an animal rights activist in anti vivisection/factory farm campaigns. Fucking right on... I dig bitter old men who defy stereotypes and actualize politics. He basically said that all hunters are environmentalists inherently and that greater unity between hunters/sportsmen and environmental groups could only help us save what is left of our dying Earth... my sentiments exactly.

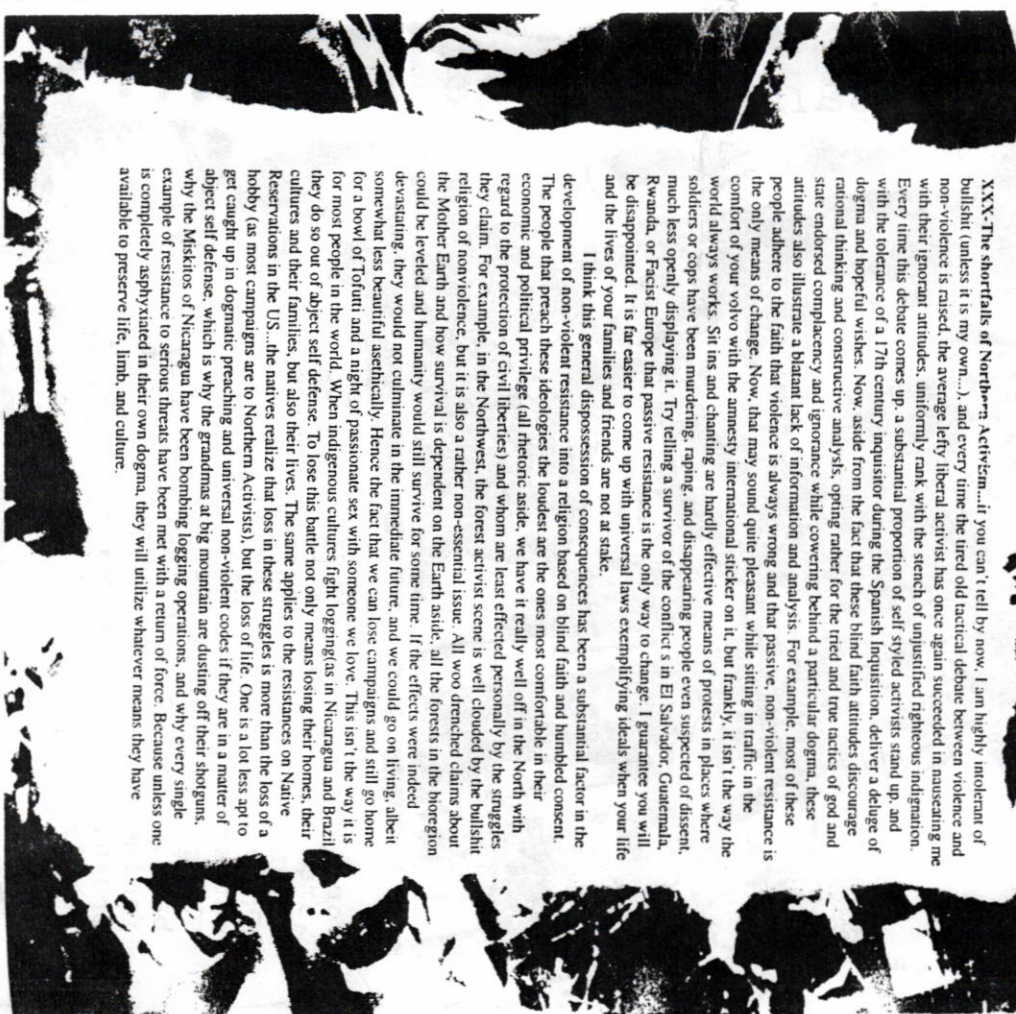
Lastly, an attorney for the Fund for Animals got up and basically spent 40 minutes filling our ears with rhetorical bullshit, skewed facts, and ignorant misconceptions in her rant about how bad and hypocritical hunters are and how we shouldn't work with them because they are immoral by nature of their sport. Now, had she made this point as an opinion, or even had any kind of substantial evidence for her position, I would have at least respected her thoughts, but no, she succeeded in affirming every single reason why I am embarrassed to be an animal rights activist. In her attacks against hunting, she brought up how unsporting pigeon shoots are (not even the dumbest, inbred jock with a gun could realistically consider pigeon shoots hunting), how hunters inherently disrespect animals by wanting to kill them, how she herself has seen hunting on RESERVES (hunting reserves are places where rich fuckers in sport utility vehicles come to spend \$5000 so they have the opportunity to shoot a sedated wild animal from a benchrest inside a fenced corral...another occurrence that could only be called hunting by someone totally ignorant of it), and

pretty much illustrated her point with a flurry of factitious "facts" and "delinkerings." Grrt... people like this never fail to frustrate me. First and foremost, there is a lot more at stake in animal rights than vivisection labs, factory farms, and hunting. Any person with even a modicum of knowledge about biology, ecology, or current events can see that habitat destruction through development, clearcutting and ranching kills about 10 million times more sentient life forms every year than vivisection, agribusiness, and hunters combined. But this ignorant preacher couldn't see beyond her own rhetoric that there is much more at stake in this than the 500,000 deer killed every year by hunters. She then had the audacity to lie about the "fact" that hunters are largely responsible for the removal of predators from ecosystems, which cause the overpopulation of prey (like deer in Ohio for example), basically fabricating a conspiracy by hunters to make more targets for themselves. This is wrong down to the very letter. There is tons of evidence exposing the ranching/farming industry and its government cohorts as being responsible for this depredation and none at all to substantiate her slanderous claims. (Note: The Forest



XXX: The shortfalls of Northern Activism...if you can't tell by now, I am highly intolerant of bullshit (unless it is my own...), and every time the tired old tactical debate between violence and non-violence is raised, the average lefty liberal activist has once again succeeded in nauseating me with their ignorant attitudes, uniformly rank with the stench of unjustified righteous indignation. Every time this debate comes up, a substantial proportion of self-styled activists stand up, and with the tolerance of a 17th century inquisitor during the Spanish Inquisition, deliver a deluge of dogma and hopeful wishes. Now, aside from the fact that these blind faith attitudes discourage rational thinking and constructive analysis, opting rather for the tired and true tactics of god and state endorsed complacency and ignorance while covering behind a particular dogma, these attitudes also illustrate a blatant lack of information and analysis. For example, most of these people adhere to the faith that violence is always wrong and that passive, non-violent resistance is the only means of change. Now, that may sound quite pleasant while sitting in traffic in the comfort of your Volvo with the amnesiac international sticker on it, but frankly, it isn't the way the world always works. Sit ins and chanting are hardly effective means of protests in places where soldiers or cops have been murdering, raping, and disappearing people even suspected of dissent, much less openly displaying it. Try telling a survivor of the conflict in El Salvador, Guatemala, Rwanda, or Fascist Europe that passive resistance is the only way to change. I guarantee you will be disappointed. It is far easier to come up with universal laws exemplifying ideals when your life and the lives of your families and friends are not at stake.

I think this general dispossession of consequences has been a substantial factor in the development of non-violent resistance into a religion based on blind faith and humbled consent. The people that preach these ideologies the loudest are the ones most comfortable in their economic and political privilege (all rhetoric aside, we have it really well off in the North with regard to the protection of civil liberties) and whom are least effected personally by the struggles they claim. For example, in the Northwest, the forest activist scene is well clouded by the bullshit religion of nonviolence, but it is also a rather non-essential issue. All wool drenched claims about the Mother Earth and how survival is dependent on the Earth aside, all the forests in the boregon could be leveled and humanity would still survive for some time. If the effects were indeed devastating, they would not culminate in the immediate future, and we could go on living, albeit somewhat less beautiful aesthetically. Hence the fact that we can lose campaigns and still go home for a bowl of Tortu and a night of passionate sex with someone we love. This isn't the way it is for most people in the world. When indigenous cultures fight logging/cas in Nicaragua and Brazil they do so out of abject self defense. To lose this battle not only means losing their homes, their cultures and their families, but also their lives. The same applies to the resistances on Naive Reservations in the US...the natives realize that loss in these struggles is more than the loss of a hobby (as most campaigns are to Northern Activists), but the loss of life. One is a lot less apt to get caught up in dogmatic preaching and universal non-violent codes if they are in a matter of abject self defense, which is why the grandmas at big mountain are dusting off their shotguns, why the Mistkios of Nicaragua have been bombing logging operations, and why every single example of resistance to serious threats have been met with a return of force. Because unless one is completely asphyxiated in their own dogma, they will utilize whatever means they have available to preserve life, limb, and culture.





# GENOCIDE

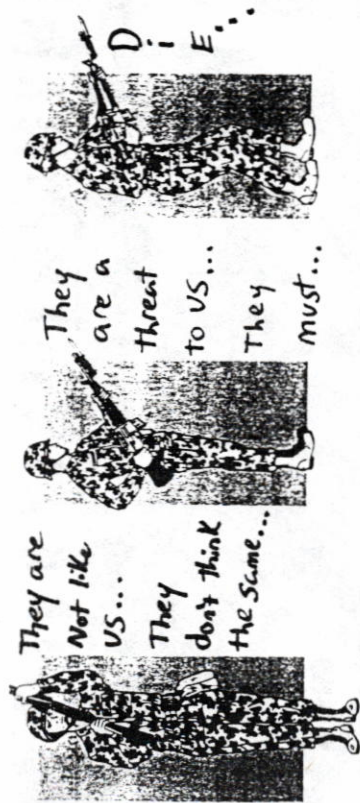
So for the past few months I have been obsessed with the evils men inflict on their fellow men, mainly in terms of genocide, extermination, and ethnic cleansing. With every instance of genocide I examine, I become increasingly more aware of just how easy it is to commit genocide and conversely, how difficult it is for genocide to be prevented or ended. And this study has further weakened my comfortable ideological niche as an anarchist. We all like to throw around the word genocide as a crime of nation states, patriarchy, or some other equally insidious, yet intangible villain, yet no anarchists to date have had any effect whatsoever on preventing or ceasing genocide. Why? On the one hand, 90% of self proclaimed anarchists never take their thoughts beyond the theoretical or rhetorical level enough to act in any real or efficient manner and secondly, genocide places the very nature of anarchist organization in the line of fire. For example, when genocide happens, no amount of toothless protest from a bunch of whiny activists is going to stop it, nor is there time for consensus process to give every wingnut in the nation the chance to empower themselves to speech. It happens quickly, it happens violently, and it happens perpetually. For example, in Rwanda 800,000 people were killed in less than a week, not by our favored targets, the military or patriarchal oppressors, but by local, grassroots groups fueled by ethno-nationalist hatred. Locking down to a thatch roof hut being invaded by machete wielding thugs wouldn't have ended it, nor would 10,000 years of lame appeals to goddess, god or earth spirit. The only viable way to end mass killing is with either swift retributive action or mass evacuation, both solutions which require highly efficient, well equipped, and large forces...like a military.

Now I feel kind of odd justifying military use, but there comes a point where our ideology and potential for action falls short. Bergman recognized this in 1916 and drew fire from the entire anarchist community for his outspoken support of World War I, and I am saying it now. The "No Compromise" attitude anarchists like to have with regard to world politics is fine and dandy when we are in our comfortable societies eating rice dream and listening to punk music, but for the people in Rwanda or Democratic Republic of Congo getting massacred by the hundreds of thousands by machetes, it is bullshit. I am far from down with militaries, but I am far less down with mass extermination of living beings. And if military intervention is the only way to save thousands of lives, then by all means, call out the troops. Just look at World War II...was it worth US military intervention (as late as it may have been) to stop fascism and the literal extermination of all non-Aryans? I have yet to hear a convincing argument that could refute the necessity of US military intervention into World War II, aside from the usual misanthropic "population control" contentions, which as logical as they may be, don't amount to shit for anyone who has lost relatives or friends to large scale violence.

I am tired of sitting back in my ideological complacency while the millions around the world are subject to unthinkable horrors. I am tired of pretending that whining about genocide or other destruction in zines, posters, and punk songs is a means of confronting the issue. I am tired of blaming intangible actors and subliminal factors while millions die. Anarchism is bullshit when it comes to stopping genocide. We all sit back in the security of our ideological nest that grants us the ability to criticize anything and everything attempted because we do absolutely nothing. Like the individual who bitches about politics, but doesn't vote or otherwise try and influence them towards the Good, we bitch about genocide and murder, but never do anything to stop it. Granted, short of enlisting in the military or working in policymaking organizations, there is little we can actually do to end genocide, but it nevertheless frustrates the shit out of me.

And if you think that genocide is a thing of the past or something that only affects savages in Africa, Asia or Eastern Europe, you are sadly mistaken. We are facing genocide right now on our very continent. On the reservation at Big Mountain, things are heating up to the point where an armed struggle is inevitable and if one has paid any attention whatsoever to the events in Southern Mexico, they are aware that the symptoms of potential genocide are sprouting across the region like a rabid weed. What are we gonna do about it when it happens, especially if our government chooses to ignore it, as it inevitably will in both cases? Are we content to sit back and write scathing reactionary essays about it or chant impotently in the street? Or do we need to do something more? If we wanted to do more, how could a community of notoriously flakey, unresolved childhood issue laden kids that can hardly get their shit together enough to do shows, gatherings, or even have a meeting on time, actually put the requisite energy and resources into it? I have doubts that we even could.

I don't mean to slam my community, but it is an issue that needs to be addressed and one that I have yet to find an answer to.



Service, USDA, and Dept. of the Interior, as well as Wildlife management still conduct "depredation" campaigns by which they shoot predators like wolves and coyotes from helicopters, set poison traps and flood dens)

Furthermore, every time some halfwit gets up and delivers a scathing attack in the name of animal rights without first possessing an adequate understanding of what is at stake, much less a set of coherent facts to back them up, they are setting a nasty precedent for anti animal rights groups to use against us in marginalizing our movement as being a mouthpiece for mentally and emotionally unstable freaks(which it is in more than a few respects). I have said it once and I will say it again, the arguments for animal liberation are strong enough to stand on their own without corrupting them with a slough of lies, half truths and fabrications, as this particular individual did.

Now I am coming from an odd perspective on this. I grew up hunting and much of my family still hunts and although I would never take the life of an animal unless it was a matter of abject survival, I nevertheless know where most hunters are coming from. Almost every hunter I know has a far greater respect for nature and life in general than your average upper crust, urban dwelling academic who gets all their knowledge of the natural world from PETA pamphlets and TV specials. But hunters kill animals!!!! Yes, hunters kill animals. Yes, it sucks that in a society so far removed from survival concerns that animals still are killed for human stomach fodder. Yes, it sucks that people don't see the connection between the manner animals are treated in society and the manner women, queers, minorities, etc. are. But when it comes down to it, I much prefer men like my father who go out and kill a deer face to face and remember the animal's last groans as the knife in his hand slices through the critter's jugular, as opposed to the average person who goes and buys beef without a clue what that animal went through in the process from a living, shifting animal to saran wrap covered cuisine in the casserole pan. The Fund for Animals speaker even had the audacity to suggest that if meat was the issue, then maybe hunters should just go to the store like everyone else...

It never ceases to amaze me at how short sighted some activists can be. For example, the Fund for Animals person and her cohorts morally objected to working with hunters because all they wanted to do was shoot animals. Objections of this nature might feel very good to one's own sense of righteous indignation in a nice warm classroom at some prestigious university, but shit, contemporary issues and activist ones in particular, are not shaped in accordance with ecocriticism or academic theories. Fact is, not all people see the interconnectedness of the earth and its beings, nor the correlations between animal abuse and spousal, sexual, or racial abuse, nor say goddess instead of god. Face it, our land is being destroyed, our waters killed, and animals slaughtered and if we hope to have any chance of stopping these plagues, we need power and we need strength, neither of which are found in abandoning reality to the reclusive comfort of academic ranting and personal moral indignation. For example, if the animal rights movement as a whole was serious about ending factory farming or vivisection, it has a huge case backed by unspeakable horrors that even the most biased fuckhead would have trouble justifying, and in my opinion, could forge a number of meaningful alliances that could end, or at least drastically shrink, these industries. However, the animal rights movement as a whole has been remarkably ineffective at moving beyond rhetoric and actions on the periphery towards change.

It is much easier to sit back and spread a movement very thin (and hence rendering it politically impotent for any real change) while maintaining a moral highground with a small crew of your peers than it is to really go out and do the gruntwork that comes along with organizing REAL movements or doing the tactical and strategic planning requisite if campaigns are to harvest any successes whatsoever.

I find it really unfortunate that the majority of the "animal rights" activists I know are almost completely ignorant of anything outside of vivisection/factory farming and consequently, limit their activism to these issues, which, although significant and worthy of concern, are both small symptoms of greater ills. If saving animals was truly a goal and activists truly educated, there would be a lack of a lot more cross-over into the environmental movement and a far greater understanding of global issues.



# MALTE LIBERATION

taking back our bodies, taking back our minds

For the past year and a half, I have been keeping a detailed record of my emotional and physical health on a daily basis. I started doing this in a reaction to a sexist contention I was confronted with in a Women's Studies class that essentially said women are closer to nature because their bodies reflect the changes in the moon and stars, and men are distant and therefore able to cleave, murder and rape. I thought it was bullshit then, and I know it to be bullshit now. After three months of these daily observations, it became apparent that, at least for me, men are also controlled by the cycles of the moon, at least insofar as our bodies and emotions are concerned. For example, without fail, the five or six days surrounding a full moon always find me frustrated, disgruntled, overly emotional, and left with the uncanny feeling of being off balanced. I don't even have to look at a calendar to know when a full moon is coming or has left... my body tells me so. Similarly, I have noted marked differences in my appetite and sex drive at different points, as well as differences in the speed by which my body produces facial hair. For example, almost without fail, I get horny a week to ten days after the full moon and a week later or so, my facial hair grows much faster. Well so what? I lived 20 some years without knowing this and did so just fine. On the other hand, this also affirms much of what I have been thinking about male health, particularly with regards to sexuality; that it is ignored because male health is almost always reduced to the shallowness of sexual aggression and ejaculation.

What percentage of people correlate male ejaculation with male orgasm? About 100%. What percentage of people know about the prostate gland and how to use it? About 1%. How many people have noticed that men are also on menstrual cycles? In my experience, no one but me. All of these show a well defined ignorance by most people to the true functioning of the male body and mind, and that the perpetuation of which will only result in further misunderstandings and ignorance.

First of all, male ejaculation and male orgasm are two distinct entities, although the former often accompanies the latter. It is difficult for me to adequately express the difference between just emitting and the kind of grasping, gasping out of control tingling, ringing in my ears that accompanies an orgasm, the two are so different. The problem is that most people, including men, have never had an orgasm nor know how to bring someone to orgasm and as a result, consider their biological eruption of semen to be the end all of male sexuality and hence, never search beyond it. And this both limits the sexuality within males to a biological function as insignificant as scratching an itch or sneezing and further creates a bullshit dichotomy between male and female sexualities that only fosters further misunderstandings between the sexes. We need to step back from everything we have learned from TV and movies and books and get to work learning the true natures of our sexualities that are not based on ignorant presumptions and false information.

Similarly, several thousand years of biological phobia has also stricken the knowledge of male sexuality from the minds of the population. For example, the most sensitive, sexually arousing part of the male anatomy, the clusters of nerves found around the foreskin, are removed from most babies by brute force soon after birth thanks to that bastard tradition of Judeo-Christian repression called circumcision. However, the damage doesn't stop there. We are all taught from our earliest days that our "rear ends" are filthy taboos not to be experimented with, hence concealing some of the most potent areas of male sexuality in a well of dogma and fake information. Indeed, it is by no means an easy programming to break and one that most people will ignore as being "gross," but nonetheless, to underestimate the power of the prostate and rectum is to again limit male sexuality to the patriarchal bullshit of reproduction and ejaculation. I, for one, am thankful for the lagots of history who alone have preserved the knowledge of male sexuality through

XXX-Some Baja tips... Bring tons of water. Unless you surf, don't stop driving 'til you pass Ensenada (the water is drifter, chances of getting robbed or fucked with by cops much higher, and landscape marred by humanity). Use the Gigante chain grocery stores to buy vegan beans, water, and change money. Use the little stores to buy tortillas, beer, produce and hot sauce. Throw your watch away; the only times that are important are sunrise and sunset. Sport the people asking for money... it is often their only source of income and if you are strictly guided by selfish motives, the travel karma will protect you. Bring a spare tire, extra surf wax, and good books. Pick up every hitchhiker you see; not only will you help someone out and make a new friend, but they can often show you awesome places or good tips/warnings. Don't bring drugs. If you see someone walking by your camp along a hot, dusty road, invite them over for a beer. You will be instant amigos. Stay off paved roads as much as possible. Flirt with the cops (hetero style only!!!), it will make everything easier. Be nice and don't get upset by little things like losing stuff to ladrones, broken cars, and nasty soldiers with machineguns. Forget about bribing cops; not only is it something of an urban legend passed on by naive gringos who have never traveled and enjoy racist slugging against "inferior" nations, but Mexicans have worked incredibly hard to clean up their government and every time some gringo tries to show how desperate and stupid Mexican cops are by offering a bribe, they perpetuate a cycle of corruption which counteracts years of national effort.



Two of the friends I made in Chicapas...







An hour later, while Kristen went searching for Cuban Cigars and gifts for her parents, Yeti and myself set out for some serious cruising through the barrios of East Ensena, which is about as different from the tourist blocks as the crowd at an Earth Crisis/Assrass show. After strolling around discussing life, love, and regret, we stumbled upon this young fellow of about 20 who invited us to go watch his band practice at a bar down the street. Not having anything else to do, we showed up at the bar and were immediately welcomed by Judas Priest videos, cold beer con limon and a crew of cool Mexican guys that needed help translating Whitney Houston songs into Spanish. Fun shite. While Rob Halford wailed off his awesome power ballads bedecked in a whole herd worth of leather that would be ample clothing for the entire San Francisco leatherman community, I worked on "Creo que Los Niños son el Futuro" and flirted with the singer of an excellent Mexican ska band and Yeti sharked up a round or five of pool. It was good.

The next morning all but myself were hung over, and after an hour of intense deliberation concerning the small point break at San Miguel and the assorted roles of my person, those of the thousands of sea urchins lining the rock bottom, and the eight inch deep water, I opted for the side of caution and opened a can of USDA welfare peaches, watching the sick little break from the safety of the rock wall. Kristen and Yeti awoke and we headed yet further North. After passing a fatal traffic accident, we looked Westward and saw the XXXXX breakwaters dumping hollow, 30 yard section onto the sand, and with little thought, pulled that car off the road and headed down to the little seaside village to get a closer look. Now, I ain't of superstitious blood, but as we drove down this little cobblestone alley that dropped onto the sand, my heart began pounding and my bowels filled with a bad feeling that wasn't gas or indigestion. I voiced my concern, explicitly stating my preference to back up and park in the parking lot of the abandoned hotel, but with little efficacy. We reached the end of the alley to be confronted by an ugly, blown out lineup with funny brown bubbles on the top, probably from the big factory half a mile east, connected to the ocean by a sickly, trash strewn little stream. Grody to the max. So we decided to go further North and hit La Fonda where the water was cleaner and the dolphins aggressive (I'd been snaked on three waves the last time I surfed there by these tough ass dolphins that take off on waves, do a couple little jumps, then catapult themselves out the back threatening to take out any gringo surfer who tries to share their waves. Believe me, dolphins look real cute until you have a 300 lb. one come two feet away from killing you.) As the car revved in reverse, the humming of the dust filled engine was interrupted by the unmistakable sound of something sharp penetrating Tubber and the subsequent sound of pressurized air escaping into the freedom of the atmosphere. Fuck. And as we pulled up even further, the same sequence repeated itself with the front tire. Double fuck. The metal rims ground to a halt in front of La Casa Grande Hotel, and within five minutes, we had both tires off and began the hike to the highway that would take us to the next town with a lanterria (tire store). Two hours, 120 pesos, and two rides later we were back at the car. Ten seconds after the first tire was secured back on the axle, the little jack gave a meek squeak and with no warning, folded into a twisted pile of enamel coated metal underneath the weight of its two ton occupant. Fuck. Kristen and I utilized the consensus minus one process to force Yeti to walk to the highway and flag down one of Los Angeles Verdes (The Green Angels) who were entrusted with the dubious duty of helping broken down motorists get their gringo asses back to San Diego. After a good conversation about the virtues of woman and particular parts of their anatomy with our guardian angel as he changed the tire for us, and another 30 minutes of driving, we reached La Fonda to find cute little headhigh lefts peeling across the bay. Six hours of solid surf, four close calls with the localistic dolphins, and a sunburned nose later, we met back at the car and headed North, crossing the border two hours later.

The next day, we washed the car, hid the twisted little jack under the spare tire, did our best to conceal the bald Mexican tires we had replaced the brand new Firestones with, and went in complaining like petulant children about how our week was ruined by the starter failure. A \$70 discount later, we emerged victorious.

countless cons of repression and persecution. So try it. Get some rubber gloves, condoms and lube and go for it. Start slow, with plenty of lube, and experiment. Try one finger, two fingers massaging the prostate. Try this while giving him a handjob or going down on him. Say fuck off to all your homophobic programming and Pat Robertson's attacks and go for some good of 'huttucking (go slow, protected and with plenty of lube...if you are getting it, stay relaxed and communicative). Now, I say this in gender specific terms because women lack the same anatomical structures within the rectum and with few exceptions, have found few women who enjoyed anal penetration to the extent of men (and I know men better in this respect).

XXX- People generally fuck too fast too quickly. The best sex I have ever had has been that which has started slowly and gently and then increased in power and speed until it hits a certain point at which long periods of slow, sensual intercourse are interspersed with passionate, indeed primal fucking. This kind of sex can last all day or all night if done correctly and will inevitably leave both parties weak kneed and plum tucked out. Similarly, people often use oral sex as a prelude to intercourse and once penetration is achieved, forget about it. It is often an excellent change of pace to take a little break from the fucking and attempt another death defying go at the penis or clit with your mouth, tongue and teeth. An odd, but very helpful source on this topic are the books published by the Radneesh cult back in the '70s...although the cult was pretty fucked up, he wrote good books on sex that incorporate some excellent ideas...

Barbra  
Kruger

You construct  
intricate rituals  
which allow you  
to touch the  
skin of other men.





# XXX- More Thoughts on Revolution

So for the past so many years, I have been an avid proponent of revolution, although not so much from conscious volition as ideological assumption. But now, after much more experience and intellectual deliberation, I am beginning to change my tune. I'll say it right now, I do not support a revolution in the North at this point. First of all, all political rhetoric aside, we have it really fucking good up here. None of us have ever really experienced hunger, disease, or political violence, nor have any direct connection with people that do. Although not perfect, the social safety net has succeeded in stabilizing our societies with a modicum of nutritional, sanitary and material support, that although not as luxurious as those of our Western European brethren, nevertheless, has virtually eradicated hunger from our shores (I say almost, because there are certain holes in the net... especially with regard to small children.) I have said it once and I will say it again, you would have to be stupid or really stubborn to starve in North America and no amount of bullshit Food Not Bombs pamphlets can prove this untrue. Similarly, cholera, dysentery, and other contagious diseases have almost completely disappeared as a result of our technological infrastructure of sanitation and water treatment. Not only do we have it good health wise, but all quality flaws aside, Northern education systems have birthed some of the highest literacy rates in the entire world. All opportunities any person on the periphery of the "First world" would appreciate greatly and one that only persons having benefited from can deny or cheapen.

This is a lot to put at stake over the political quarrelings of privileged citizens and one that I for one, am not willing to jeopardize. Do I trust scenes/communities that are notoriously unable to support their own show venues or communicate outside their narrow ideological confines to feed 16 million people, prevent mass outbreaks of preventable disease, and combat the inevitable political violence which follows human suffering like a wretched shadow? No. It is funny how the people who talk about revolution the most are always the ones least able to organize or sustain it should one come; just like those who talk about the workers and working class the most are invariably the ones that have never worked a day in their life.

Of course, this concept is reliant upon the absurd notion that the anarchist/punk/lefter communities a) have the mass appeal requisite for such a revolution to unfold and b) the power to defeat the powers that be on the playing field of political violence. Needless to say, my concerns about the Revolution disrupting the essentials of human existence are hardly in a precarious position at this point, especially from the Left. (There is of course the growing surge of populism from the "Right" that has a bit of potential to escalate as conditions decline and positions polarize)

It seems to me that most of the time people call out for revolution do so because a) it justifies not being active in real struggles by moving the attention elsewhere and b) is far enough off that they don't have to worry about such things as feeding people and keeping cholera from wiping out half the population. Thus, like a security blanket for a toddler or a god for an intellectually feeble adult, the notion of revolution gives us a modicum of comfort in knowing that we can avoid responsibility today by continuously invoking an unrealistic entity and further appease our lack of knowledge and experience in the real world lessening the necessity of learning applicable skills.

Don't get me wrong, I do not think the institutional composition of the north is acceptable. There are some drastic inequities and flaws that need to be addressed, but I don't see a drastic, necessarily violent conflict with its huge cost in life and resources to be an effective means to bring this about. In fact, an armed revolution would only destroy the gains we do enjoy, while enhancing the problems we face. A much more realistic strategy would follow the maxim of Malcom X "living within, but without the system." Using this strategy, we can enrich ourselves off the benefits of the social system without necessarily playing into them. Collecting welfare, food stamps, getting education loans, AAA farm subsidies, grants from the NEA or NEH, and free public education are all fantastic benefits that we ought utilize to the fullest extent while simultaneously forging the counter institutions and learning the trades through which we can both decrease our dependence on society and begin to regain whatever remains of our autonomy. If, as I predict, social and political structures crumble with the movement of transnational capital, then we will have the framework for future action already laid out before us rather than looming in the back of our obscure texts. When we

"Revolucion...la palabra nacio en el vomito de sangre..."  
 "Revolution...the word born in the vomit of blood..."  
*Anonymous anarchist during the Spanish Civil War*

I awoke in the morning to sloppy beachbreak surf and after a moment of deliberation, jumped into my weisuit, grabbed my board, and went out. There was a speedy rip that dragged me across the bay and after a couple hours of paddling against forces far greater than myself, I caught one last wave and headed in, exhausted. The other kids had just woken, and were eating an early breakfast of dry cereal and warm beer when I dragged my drippy self up atop the cliff. I bitched about the surf and began lobbying that we hit somewhere that would have better conditions. During our improvised breakfast, my efforts paid off and we decided to head further south and hit this spot called quattras casias.

Everything was set to go; boards on the roof, everyone in the car, misfits tape in the deck...but one thing was missing: Ignition. I turned the key. Danzig began wailing and the dash lights went on, but the car wouldn't start. Fuck. So Yeti and I got all manly and went out under the hood to see if anything obvious enough for us to find was wrong. Nothing. I checked the cables, the connectors, the battery, everything. Fuck. Double fuck. Here we were, 17 miles from the nearest village, 30 miles from the nearest paved road, and with a broken down car. Oh well, at least we'll get tan while we walk to town on a vain search of assistance. About three miles into our walk, a rusty Toyota truck piled high with sacks of clams and seven guys pulled up behind us. Like in most of the rural world, we were immediately pulled up into the overcrowded bed and with a screech of tires, the truck headed on its way to Erendira. After we dumped the four foot tall sacks of shellfish and all but one of the men off at a wooden shack, Kristien and I climbed into the cab. Well shit, it was a gringo driving. After giving him a line of talk on the way to town in search of Juan Miguel, the only guy who knew anything about cars in the entire area, but whom may have been in Michoacan with his sister or in Sonora with his mother, it became apparent that this guy was on the run from Johnny law and his nasty cohorts up North and had assumed the disagreeable role of oyster puller to avoid prison and potentially worse. But hey, the guy was super nice and will make a great country song when I become a famous country star. Anyway, Juan Miguel was nowhere to be found, and after a quick stop by the preacher's mobile home in Erendira, the con drove us back to Punta Cabras and began working on the car while Yeti and I stood back, eagerly awaiting a moment that would allow us to interpret and reclaim our manhood. None came, and after swapping batteries, checking cables and connectors, our Samaritan-on-the-lam pulls out one of those big folding knives the sell at flea markets and rather than robbing us blind at knife point, told me to get in and turn on the ignition. I did so and as the car sputtered to life, my body surged with the wondrous feeling of a catastrophe narrowly averted...I sported our savior 20 pesos for his time and alcohol habit, and after showing us a trick he learned when he was in high school of bypassing the ignition by touching the solenoids on the starter together with a metal object, he disappeared into the horizon, pursued by a cloud of tacky red dust.

I glanced at Kristien, who was already looking at me, and the both of us turned and looked at Yeti...Should we take our losses, be grateful for avoiding the situation and head back to Orange County with our proverbial tails between our legs, or should we throw caution, common sense and the voice of reason out the window and into the wind, heading further South? Never having been the most rational of men when it comes time for wise travel decisions, we pulled out onto Highway 1 aiming the illegal car South for San Vicente, where fresh tortillas and a case of Tecate awaited us. Long story short: after purchasing our supplies and a brief dialogue with a borracho (drunk) about how Kristien was my wife and that if he tried to touch her I was gonna break his nose (there is nothing quite so sleazy as the tecquila drenched sexual advances of a Mexican drunk), we made it to Quattras Casias. Lo and behold, the surf was way too far out of the North for the point to work, and the mushy beachbreak surf wasn't exactly appealing...after a few minutes more deliberation, we headed back North to check a couple other spots I knew.





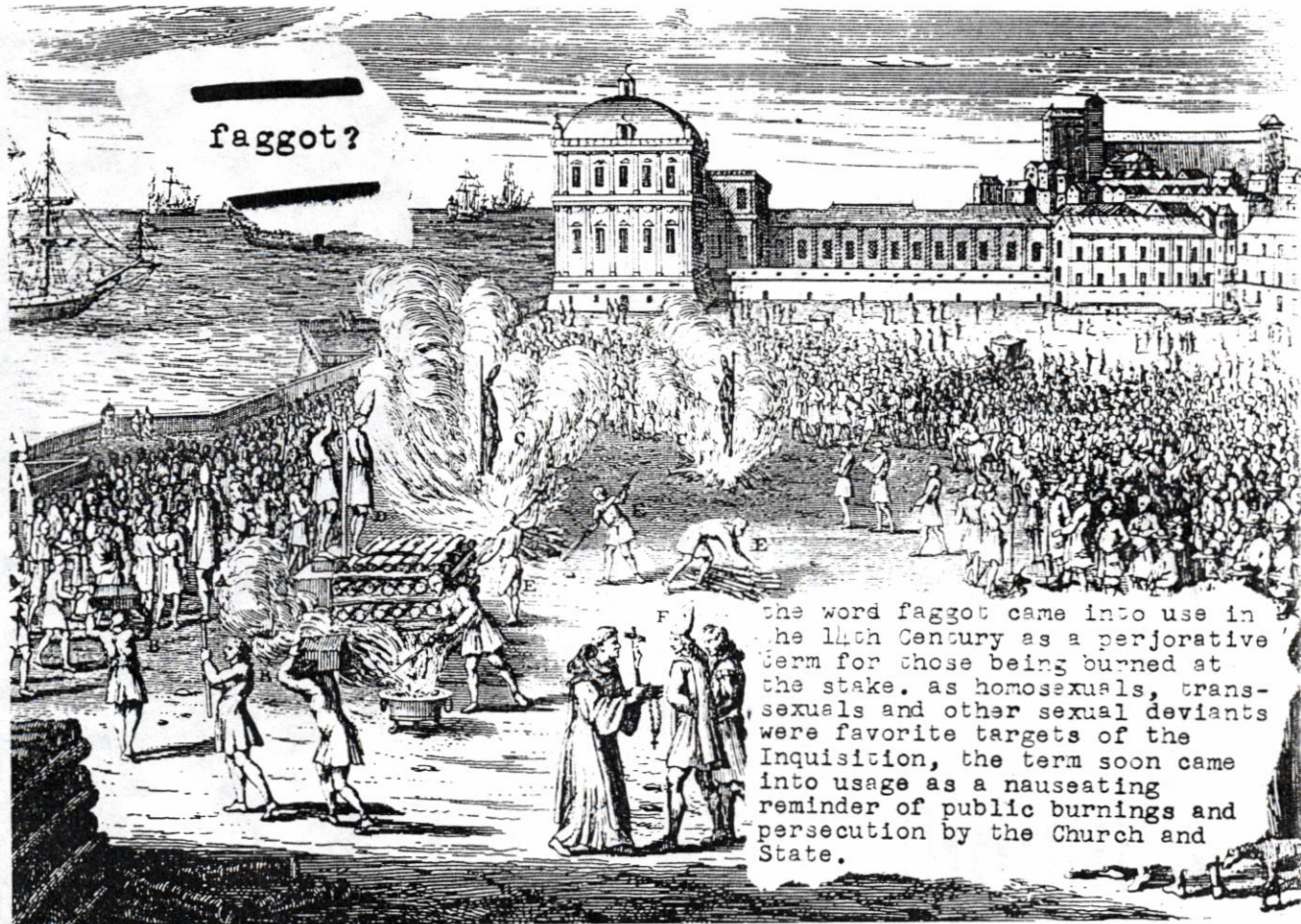
# BAJA

So I am obsessed with Baja, that delectable little peninsula of land born in the sulphuric slums of Tijuana and extending more than 1000 miles to the South. Minus the noxious barrios of Tijuana and the tourist ghettos in Ensenada and Rosarito, Baja is a rugged, wild place, where desert, unobstructed by anything save a few small shacks and the occasional "town" of tar paper buildings, Tecate signs, and ramshackle taquerias of plywood, falls into the mariachal Pacific. It is perhaps the only place left in all of North America where claustrophobic misanthropes like myself can camp along a deserted beach, surf deserted waves, and admire the sunset without worry of cops, robbers, or unexpected neighbors. It is a lonely place. Although not necessarily a great distance from a road or town, the rugged terrain and vast expanses of unbroken sea and sky nevertheless fill one with a tremendous sense of solace. One that I make at least two pilgrimages a year to visit.

So a couple years ago, my old roommate Kristen, Yeti, and my bro Dez's roommate Colin started heading down for a week of surf and fun at Punta Cabras (Goats Point), when suddenly, the transmission on my van went out. Fuck. Here we were, a crew of anxious kids en route to fun when the fucking tranny goes out... instant depression amongst the crew. Luckily, Kristen had some extra cash and a spare credit card, so we went in and rented this nice shiny Pontiac sedan. Within three hours, we were on our way South. We stopped at Dez's house in San Clemente, surfed the dawn session, ate potatoes and Fague Burgers, and by 3pm, were crossing the semi-permeable International boundary that keeps brown people out, but permits white people to go as they please. Now sure, it was explicitly mentioned in the rental car contract that the vehicle couldn't be taken out of the country and sure, Baja is notorious for eating vehicles like a borracho consumes greasy fish tacos, and yeah, Kristen's credit card was in the grubby hands of the agency...but hey, a kid's gotta have priorities. Besides, how would they ever know that we took their car a few hundred mile jaunt through the developing world?

After stopping to check out K 38 and La Fonda (two surf spots), we pulled into the Gigante parking lot in Ensenada. As nasty as big grocery stores are, this has its advantages and has become something of a ritual for me. On the one hand, they sell cans of yummy vegan refried beans that are unavailable anywhere else and on the other, will accept US currency and give you change in pesos at a far better rate than any of the casas de cambio would on the best of days. We loaded up the beans, fresh tortillas, and other assorted things and headed on our way. 18 km later, we had our first mishap. If anyone has ever traveled Mexican highways, they know that various police and military agencies conduct routine roadblocks to find drugs and guns, but this particular one South of Ensenada is one of the worst. Two years earlier, we were stopped and being searched when an officer with a big gun gets in my face and asks if we had drugs. We said no and he asked if we wanted to buy some from him...sketchy. So this time, we were traveling in an illegal vehicle and three of the four of us had dreadlocks. Shit. Without a glance, a crew of Federales waved us over to the side, lined us up along the edge of the road, and made us watch while they searched the entire car...I mean entire...in the plastic door molding, under the spare tire, everywhere. Then came the moment of truth...the car's papers. I reached into the glovebox and handed them to the 30-ish female cop I had been flirting with. Luckily she couldn't read English, nor could any of her cohorts, and with some final words they handed back the papers. Punta Cabras appeared in our rearview mirror shortly after sunset and with hungry bellies and dry, dusty eyes, we pulled off the dirt track and set up camp, passing out shortly after a meal of cold beans, hot salsa and vummv chips.

currently discuss revolution, we almost always forget that burning this racist, classist, sexist system down leaves us with nothing, which has aptly illustrated, will leave us with an even worse something. That is why the best way to destroy is to first create. Once we have the means to feed ourselves and the rest of our neighbors, while keeping sewage out of the street and violent traditions dormant, we can then pose very real, and very significant threats to the parts of the system we so despise. So go out and learn to grow or kill food. To build structures. To clean water and use shit for fuel. To educate millions of people. To get along with your neighbor, your friends, your ideological nemesis. Change can only come from education and initiative.



the word faggot came into use in the 14th Century as a perjorative term for those being burned at the stake, as homosexuals, transsexuals and other sexual deviants were favorite targets of the Inquisition, the term soon came into usage as a nauseating reminder of public burnings and persecution by the Church and State.



## XXX- Some further thoughts on punk...

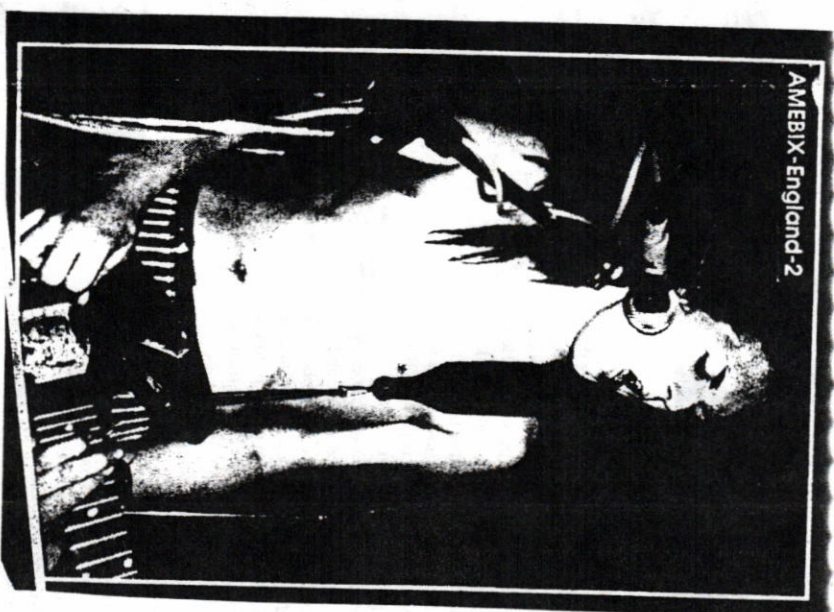


Damn it. I feel old. Almost every show I go to, I am one of the oldest guys there, which sucks 'cause I am only 21. None of the kids I used to hang with come out anymore; too consumed in their marriages, families, or personal alcohol habits to go to shows. And then when they do go to shows, they don't watch the bands, opting instead to sit upstairs doing administrative tasks and talking shit about the young kids.

It's pretty odd for me to be feeling old, as it seems like just yesterday I was the young kid that everyone was stoked to have at shows, who had his mom drop him off at shows 10 blocks away so no one would see her drop me off in the old station wagon. Who did his best to look punk, taking his new DK shirt and rubbing it on the concrete 'til it looked like I had got it back in '81 or doing his hair just right. I was that obnoxious kid everyone hates, who is so excited about the music, the energy, and the rebellion, that he goes around bumping into the inert showgoers trying to start up a circle pit or who pogoed so hard that I'd spill drinks and inevitably get thrown across the room by some big guy who didn't like my dancing. I was always the first trying flips off the stage (after knocking over the monitor or mic stand that was unlucky enough to find itself in my path) and spitting at the band.

But now I am one of those guys that sits towards the back and watches whatever band is playing with a dissociated skepticism and gets pissed when some little moshier kid slams into me in an effort to do the same thing I myself was doing seven or eight years ago. I sit back and talk shit about the kid with the big spikes who looks like he climbed off the Fifth album cover, dwarfed by the 40oz bottle in his hand that will eventually leave him a vomiting pile in the corner. Man, I am getting old.

As all my friends bail out and pursue real jobs and families or decide that punk is a counterproductive mentality with regard to political change, opting for activism and social change rather than studs and braces, I often find myself wondering what the hell I am still doing here. Here I am, a decade after I got my first copy of "In God We Trust," still calling myself a punk, even if my punk haircuts and facial piercings fell to the wayside of travel and activist concerns, still listening to the same music and possessing much the same attitudes. I know punk is a ridiculous joke when it comes to revolutionary progress (at least on a suprapersonal level) and that hasn't exactly worked out perfectly in all my endeavors of trying to open venues, a collective record store, and put on tests, but nevertheless, I still cling to it just as the tenacious Christian clings to their dated ideology in the face of overwhelming opposition and internal contradiction. But I can see my interest in it waning, or at least changing. I no longer dress particularly punk. I can pass for a redneck or rich yuppie within a matter of a single change of wardrobe (very advantageous for certain things). My record collection has expanded to include a bunch of political folk and old school country. My future plans focus more on travel to remote and non-Northern locales where punk isn't even a word and in activism where punk would be detrimental.



AMEBIX-England-2



Now, don't get me wrong, I am not telling everyone to go out and buy racist music (quite the opposite in fact), but there is a certain margin of value for it insofar as it both illustrates how stupid racism and nationalism are and also makes us that much more able to deal effectively with it in real life, because the superhuman intrigue it gains through ignorance is not present. Racists would like us all to believe that they have a ton of power in this country. That they dominate the militia, pro-gun and rural political playing fields. That they are numerically powerful and organized. While it may be ignorant to discount the personal prejudices of most people (especially older persons in this nation) towards other races and nationalities and some systemic factors which are passively racist, there is no large scale organized racist movement. Anyone who has ever done but a modicum of research into hate groups can see this. But things get out of hand with the sensationalist rhetoric of the "leftist" or "punk" "press and the perpetuation of ignorance and fear affords racism a greater amount of power and prestige than it is worthy of.

If nothing else, music is music. Just because I listen to Slapshot doesn't mean I am going to go out and beat up smokers, anymore than my reading of Alexander Berkman means that I am going to go take pot shots at the CEOs of corporations with a rifle. I am mature enough to differentiate between right and wrong, good and bad, real and fake. I am secure enough in my politics and personality to attack those that I don't like, even if it involves means that Mao, Lenin, or Kropotkin were too anal to write of 100 years ago...like humour.

**Never underestimate the power of pointed sarcasm or a hearty laugh.**



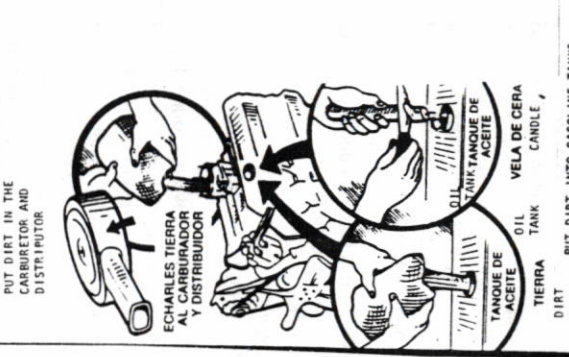
year old girls, gospel songs, or racism, but like with Pee Wee Herman or Divine movies, find the subject matter absurd and therefore funny. Shit, I never got into punk because of intelligence. I could count the bands that had good politics and intelligent lyrics with realistic analyses on one hand. What is the difference between listening to some stupid shit punk band regurgitate tired old slogans and listening to the stitches espouse the virtues of getting a bag of speed and hiring a hooker if you don't take either of them seriously? For me, nothing.

Furthermore, there is a certain point at which sarcastic mockery and pointed irony in listening to a certain band, reading a certain book, or preaching a certain idea is an effective means of combatting those ideas...For example, I think it is funny as shit to sit around with a bunch of friends anthemically singing some nationalist oil! song while laughing your asses off...I lived at a house that had a small tradition of putting on one of Skrewdriver's later albums and having a ball making fun of "Talk about a thing called love...when the bombs rain down from above..." or "Smash smash the IRA!!!" It was all done in good humour, no one took the ideas seriously, and we learned to laugh at the absurdity of nasty nationalism.

A bunch of people, including members of a once famous Central California emo band, were very offended at our apparent delight in making fun of Skrewdriver and Combat 84 and contended that by even having those records, we were supporting the rhetoric and agendas. But he was wrong. There was no financial support anywhere as the music was all dubbed and we were not supporting the rhetoric but rather attacking it through the most pointed and effective means available to us; humour. Fear is an emotion that comes from respect. I don't respect racist ideologies, and therefore am not afraid to read them or hear them chorused atop sloppy punk music. People like my horrimmed little friend unwittingly afford racism and nationalism a substantial degree of intrigue and respect by being completely and utterly afraid of it.



Darby, kickin' it with the enemy



And then, just as I think about giving it all up, I go to a show and see a rad band (like TRIAL, SUBMISSION HOLD, PASCALS WAGER, THE PASSOUT KINGS, or THE LOWDOWNS) that incarnates the energy and excitement that originally brought me into the scene or join arms with a few bros and throw down a wall of death or skank around the pit. It is like my bitter, hyperthoughtful attitude goes away and I am that spikey little kid with the painted leather jacket spiked with roofing nails and barbed wire, who just doesn't give a fuck about anything except the music, the dance, and the energy. Seeing people like Greg Bennick from Trial, Dan from Ten Things, Jen Submission Hold, or Harry from Pascals Wager, all of whom reek of sincerity, intelligence, and passion for the "scene" regardless of its various degenerate elements make me remember why it is that I am still here when I could be out drinking at the bar or watching my children before work. Or hanging out with people like Aron Gallager from the basement or John Backlash who never fail to remind me that if it wasn't fun, we wouldn't be here anyway... whose positive, light hearted attitudes and dance moves encourage me to drop my pretentious bullshit and get out there and have fun. But these people are fewer and further between these days and it gets harder and harder for me to see the positive in punk. Will I be punk in a few years? I can't say. But I cannot dispute that it has been the most influential factor in my life for more than a decade and one that is directly responsible for the man I have become. At the very least, I owe it that.



"And suddenly he realized... it didn't really matter... but it was too late..."  
 And then, just as I think about giving it all up, I go to a show and see a rad band (like TRIAL, SUBMISSION HOLD, PASCALS WAGER, THE PASSOUT KINGS, or THE LOWDOWNS) that incarnates the energy and excitement that originally brought me into the scene or join arms with a few bros and throw down a wall of death or skank around the pit. It is like my bitter, hyperthoughtful attitude goes away and I am that spikey little kid with the painted leather jacket spiked with roofing nails and barbed wire, who just doesn't give a fuck about anything except the music, the dance, and the energy. Seeing people like Greg Bennick from Trial, Dan from Ten Things, Jen Submission Hold, or Harry from Pascals Wager, all of whom reek of sincerity, intelligence, and passion for the "scene" regardless of its various degenerate elements make me remember why it is that I am still here when I could be out drinking at the bar or watching my children before work. Or hanging out with people like Aron Gallager from the basement or John Backlash who never fail to remind me that if it wasn't fun, we wouldn't be here anyway... whose positive, light hearted attitudes and dance moves encourage me to drop my pretentious bullshit and get out there and have fun. But these people are fewer and further between these days and it gets harder and harder for me to see the positive in punk. Will I be punk in a few years? I can't say. But I cannot dispute that it has been the most influential factor in my life for more than a decade and one that is directly responsible for the man I have become. At the very least, I owe it that.



# superstition

# superstition

Having grown up Christian, interspersing my own bastardized redneck version of Christianity with a couple years of being "Born Again" in all its highly intolerant, rigidly dogmatic glory, I am no stranger to superstition. In fact, in the few years after I cast away from Christianity, I was still scared of the uncertainty of death, a fear magnified ten fold by the tales of the pastors and evangelists who manipulate the ignorance of death to their own needs. Anyway, right about the time I moved out to Oregon, I was a pretty confident atheist, whose disbelief and blasphemy was tempered only by a semi-personal knowledge of my own personal spirituality. Since then, two particular events have thrown me on my intellectual and spiritual ass, so to say...

The first happened in early 1995. I had fallen madly in love with this woman (we'll call her @) and used some free plane tickets I had to fly down to see her in Orange County. Being very into psychedelics at the time, I brought a 1/4 oz. of mushrooms with me and after three days of fasting, I was ready to eat them. We spent the first day or so getting reacquainted, having sex, making out, talking about life, love and the like, and later that night, made up a batch of St. John's Wart tea (SJW is an MAOI inhibitor which neutralizes the chemicals in your body that inhibit the absorption of certain psychedelics hence boosting your trip about ten fold...) and ate an eighth between us. We drove up to her friend's mansion in the Anaheim hills, 'cause she and her family were gone for the weekend and almost immediately upon entering the massive house, we began to roll. An hour later (I am guessing...) we were completely engulfed in our trips seeing hyper intense colors, sensing all the things that either are ignored during sobriety or just appear when tripping... Then things took a turn for the worse. I began having all these "revelations" about religion, its role not only historically, but also in my own life. I trotted over and looked at @, became disgusted at what I saw (I don't remember why per se...) and went down into the house's wine cellar to continue my thoughts. Now, this house was crazy, as only \$10 million mansions can be. It had this crazy thick carpet, velvet hangings on the walls, and a wrought iron spiral stair case that led into the mirrored depths of the wine cellar (the walls were literally all mirrors)... By the time I made it down the stair case and stepped foot on the deep shag of the wine cellar floor, I had it all figured out... the necessity of religion in keeping human's focused and controlled, the various tactics it had to utilize to conform with changing times and innovations... the works. But then I began to see things out of the corner of my eyes, and would turn around and see nothing but my punk ass, deadlocked self, at least the first few times. On perhaps the seventh or eighth time, I spun around to find myself confronted by a large figure staring at me in the mirror. He was a good deal taller than me, wearing robes, a large hat (kind of like the pope wears) and was obviously black. This was honestly the closest I have ever come to shitting myself... I lost all control of myself and crumbled up in a ball crying, partially out of fear and partially out of the tremendous sense of paranoia and repression I felt... The figure got closer to me and I finally got the sense to run away... but everywhere I ran, the man followed me. I took a wrong turn and found myself surrounded on three sides by different men, in similar garb. At that, I totally lost it and the next thing I knew @ and I were in her car, parked 20 miles away right by the Wedge (a Newport beach surfbreak) sobbing about what had happened. (Something similar had happened to her...) We smoked a bunch of this herbal weed mixture and soon passed out safe and sound in the back of her Honda.

The next day, we went to Venice Beach up in Santa Monica and had a long conversation about what had happened. It isn't easy for an atheist to come to grips with what can best be described as a personal religious experience, and I didn't handle it well. Upon returning to Oregon, I went and looked at a bunch of picture books from Northern Africa and the Middle East, ironically enough, found two of the men I had seen. One was an ancient prophet named Zorastor and the other, the late Emperor Haile Selassie from Ethiopia... Now the latter I could understand, I had spent enough of my life buried in books to have seen pictures of him, which could have found their way into my memory and subsequently, my trip... However, Zorastor was entirely different. My only connection to him that I could recall was the vague references in Melville's *MOBY DICK* to the outrageous Zoroastrians who would throw themselves into the sea in pursuit of the great whale, but never would I have seen his photo... After that research, I sorta put this on the back burner of my mind, partially out of personal insecurity, and partially 'cause I hate having to listen to winos talk about their drug experiences, and if I were to tell this



**XXX- Some thoughts on music...** So the other night I was doing my radio show when this kid called in objecting to the fact that I was playing an integrity song. He mentioned the fact that it was extremely hypocritical of me to be playing a band that has not only advocated violence in the scene, but actually exercised it, while only moments earlier playing DIRT and reading an Emma Goldman essay. Although the example he used was a bit mistaken (he mentioned the Cleveo hardcore fest a couple summers ago when Integrity had One Life Crew come up during their set and a fight broke out, he was absolutely right, at least as far as ideological consistency goes. At the very least, Integrity are a violent band musically. Their music, at least in my opinion, is hyper aggressive, emotional and powerful. They sing about revenge, betrayal and paybacks. They make no pretensions about being sensitive or politically correct. And these are all things I find redeeming in their music.

So I am inconsistent. I like Integrity. I love aggressive, powerful hardcore more than just about anything in the world. Bands like Integrity, Slapshot, Agnostic Front, Confront, and Youth of Today gave me a lot of inspiration through some really tough times in my life where the only thing that kept me from being reduced to a sniveling, sobbing ball was the fact that I hated everyone around me and had, at least within the confines of my walkman, people who put my feelings to music.

In a discussion about this very subject with a close friend of mine, it came up that my personality and the stuff these bands talk about were almost completely antithetical. Here I am, a hyper political anarchist who sees violence as just as much an enemy as the state, Nazis, or clearcuts, but who at the same time likes bands who say things like "...Heard it all before, don't wanna hear it again, I'm not gonna talk it out, Gonna get my revenge..." I guess this stands as pretty blatant evidence of my personal repression. I don't think it is in anyway justified to harm another being out of anything except self defense or in defense of another, but nevertheless like singing my throat out in the shower to some violent hardcore band visualizing myself involved in violent conflict with some nemesis from my past.

This whole topic illustrates further inconsistency on my part, at least on an obvious level. My record collection is chock full of music people find offensive, but that I, for whatever reasons, find amusing... like the Combat 84/1 last Resort split lp which includes great lines like "We need a stronger government, bring back capitol punishment..." (C 84 "Rapist") and "We met a stupid hippie, he tried to run away, we punched him in the face just to pass the time of day..." (LR "Violence...") or various GG Allin records, or the Stitches, or for that matter, any number of my country western records. Shit, I even have a copy of Skrewdriver's "Boots and Braces" record taped somewhere. I by no means support nationalist rhetoric, random violence, sleeping with 15



significant facets of support.

It isn't difficult to see the conservative effects of the working class today either. Who have been the most outspoken advocates of anti-immigrant legislation, anti-gay rights and affirmative action initiatives and War whenever it comes about? Yup, the working class. Where does the most substantial factor of electoral support for men like Rush Limbaugh and Patrick Buchanan come from? Contrary to popular belief, not the rich and powerful, but the working class.

This is all a political reality that no amount of Marxist rhetoric or wishful thinking can dispute. But I don't see it as being permanent. The migration of capital and employment to the South, the co-optation of organized labor into bureaucratic organizations, and the lessening degree of economic comfort among the majority of American people, unless stopped by a reintroduction of capital, illuminates the probability of a once again radical workers base.

*Working class railroad workers assault their comrades*



tale, it would be just another crazy asshole's tale of god...

But then in the fall of 1996, something similar happened. I had moved into this house with Amy, Chelsea and some other kids, and soon after we moved in, all these random ex-tenants began dropping by to tell us about the house...I was pretty interested in the tales of the wingnut landlord, but only 'cause I hate landlords more than anyone save cops and journalists, but when the people started talking about ghosts and hauntings, I sorta lost interest...yeah right, like a highly empirical anarchist is gonna believe a bunch of stoners telling stories about furniture moving and seeing ghosts...yeah right dipshit, when do the crazy dancing Dead bears come into the story.

Anyway, although I discounted these stories, the house still sorta made me uneasy. Sure, it was big, old, scary, smelled wierd, had mushrooms growing out of the bathtub and mysterious rooms in the basement, but shit, Eugene is a hard place to find housing, so I wasn't all that concerned. My opinion changed in mid-October. I was sleeping in my bed with my ex-partner Amy to my side, when I awoke to find that I couldn't breathe. I opened my eyes and tried to sit up, but felt something holding me down and a distinct pressure on my thighs. My neck felt like someone had a chokehold on me that was getting perpetually stronger. I freaked out, and with one adrenaline charged surge, I sat up and screamed. Amy jumped up, more than a bit freaked out and asked me what had happened...I told her, and she sorta dismissed it as a nightmare until she realized that I was still upset and awake two hours later. She was wonderfully supportive of me the rest of the night, something I never go to thank her for...

I too began to think that was just a nightmare, at least up to the point when I remembered that I was completely awake and physically felt something laying on top of me. That, and the fact that other weird stuff began happening. The people that had rented out the basement began sleeping upstairs because the "walls were growling" and things were getting moved around without anyone doing it. The two women living upstairs confirmed that weird shit was happening up in their rooms as well, especially furniture moving around and strange voices. Now, had you seen the house and known the landlord, who is a sketchy 86 year old ex-brain surgeon who drives these crazy old cars around, you would have begun to feel as we did; that you were trapped inside some cheezy ass horror film. Anyway, soon after, we all moved out, I moved to Central America and the memories of that house were almost entirely forgotten.

But then I was sitting at my house last fall, when drummer Dave came over and began talking about how he was sleeping in the woods by himself when a decidedly female form lay on top of him and began choking him...Once again, I almost shit myself. Here was another man, whom had no idea that the same thing had happened to me, telling the exact tale, down to the feeling of the "assailant" on top of him...He mentioned that a Dinah' elder (or something similar) had told him of fairy spirits that would occasionally seduce a sleeping brave...Now, I don't necessarily believe in fairies or ghosts, but the fact for me remains that something was present that night, and no amount of rationalization has produced any results short of a "something..."

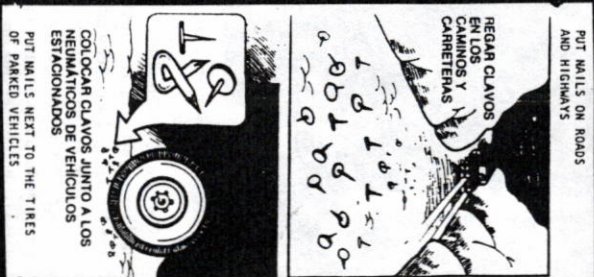
Perhaps there is more to the universe than meets our immediate senses. Perhaps Slayer are correct in asserting that the dead do exist in different forms (hehehe). Perhaps every indigenous culture's tales and traditions are more than the existential rantings of a primitive and technologically deficient people. Perhaps humankind's obsession with the supernatural is more than a mere facet of entertainment. Unfortunately, I am still far from having any answers on any of these subjects. If you have any comments or similar tales, please pass 'em on...I would love to hear them...



# BLINDED BY OUR OWN BULLSHIT

## MORE RANTING ON MEXICO

Once again, I find myself extremely disturbed at the manner in which Mexican political realities are being regarded here in the North. Over the past few years, the activist community has been seized by what I call "Marco-mania" or the limiting of all of Mexican politics down to a singular group, from a singular movement, in a singular state. Don't get me wrong, I am an avid supporter of the Zapatista struggle, but knowing what I do of Mexican politics, in the whole scheme of things, they have been granted a proportion of importance that vastly exceeds their actual status in Mexico, and as we ignorant gringos perpetuate this, we are essentially denying other significant social movements the attention and support they need. For example, while we are all worshipping our Sub-Comandante Marcos posters and our rhetoricized propaganda, there are fledgling movements all across Mexico springing up that, in all honesty, show far greater potential for change than does the Zapatista statement. In Guerrero, Oaxaca, Morelos, Sonora, Sinaloa, Tabasco, Quintana Roo, and even from within the deepest bowels of D.F. (Mexico City), local grassroots democracies are shooting up, reclaiming local power from the monopolistic PRI system, and basically asserting the greatest social movement in Mexican history since the co-optation of the revolution 70 years ago. But we in the North are missing this. While we were distracted by the intense reports of the shit Sub-Comandante Marcos took this morning in his foggy mountain hideout, three villages in Northern Chiapas declared themselves autonomous entities and kicked out the military and corrupt politicians. This had nothing directly to do with the Zapatistas and is a far more substantial action than any waged by the Zapatistas in more than three years, but nonetheless, it was ignored. While we are all sewing Zapatista patches on our backpacks and jackets, a village in Morelos created an entirely new municipal government and essentially deleted the PRI not through guns or protest, but by ignoring the authority of the PRI and proactively creating their own counterinstitutions. But we missed it. After the Acatlan massacre, we in the North all squirmed at the fact that a bunch of innocent peasants had been killed. But no one picked up on the fact that the Mexican military was relocating the survivors to other communities (read: hamlet villages exactly as used in Vietnam and Guatemala) to subdue a population based insurgency. And there hasn't been a peep from the Press, left or right, on this development. When I was in Chiapas last spring/summer, I discovered that the Zapatistas were meekling out a rather inert existence in the mountains and had somewhat diminished in importance. But at the same time, the Mexican military was disappearing campesinos nightly in Oaxaca, Guerrero and Northern Chiapas for "suspected" activity in the dreaded EPR (Ejército Popular Revolucionario). But none of this got even a paragraph in the North, even in our "leftist" press. Why? One the one hand it seems that the elevation of the Zapatista and their cunning leader to icon status has limited the traditionally short Northern



# The Elusive Working Class and Reality



One of the most heavily propagandized tenets over the past 100 or so years of activism has been the existence and mobilization of the "working class" in various political structures. However, like the term revolution, the term "working class" is fraught with so much bullshit, false analysis, and rhetoric that it has lost next to all meaning outside of political theorizing and intellectual masturbation in academic circles. So what is the working class, if such a unified body indeed exists? In the United States, it is the historical class of manual and mental laborers whose very existence was reliant upon the sale and exploitation of their labors by business. However, what most academic Marxists and ignorant anarcho-punks have failed to realize is that the world is no longer structured in the fashion propheticized by Lenin or Kropotkin.

For example, in the United States, the historical working class was largely assimilated into the middle class during the relative prosperity of the 1950s, during which standards of living rose for almost all workers, as did working conditions and employment and educational opportunities. Thus arose a barrier, composed of the vast majority of American families, that separated the capital class from the racial and economic underclass (which is *not* the working class in any historical or analytical sense). It is the industrial, middle and lower management, and service workers that have traditionally comprised the "working class" and indeed are the very same workers who consider themselves middle class in America, not some elusive ambiguous class of nothing poor as the Marxists would have us believe. It is the middle class that compose almost 99% of organized labor and at least a strong majority of labor as a whole. There is no longer a mass base of pissed proletarians...those days faded with the IWW (it is now nothing more than a laughable memory in the hands of privileged white academics and naive "activists"), the "Big Band era, Roosevelt, and Studebaker cars. The creation of the massive American middle class had a substantial effect of "conservatizing" the majority of working people. In the past, glory days (at least according to contemporary Marxists and Anarchists) of the working class, when it was an active, indeed revolutionary force, the working people were striving for adequate means of survival for themselves and their families, hence the radicalism of the era. Now that the economic insecurity of hunger and poverty has all but been eliminated from the average worker's memory, the only desire is to maintain their standard of living by any means, hence making them some of the most conservative of all citizens. This comes not from a particular political ideology as from an economic reality. If anything happens on either side, the American "working class," the middle class stands to lose the most. If you don't believe me, just look at the history of labor in the Midwest through the '80s and 90s as heavy industry began its flight to the South. When those layoffs went down, it wasn't the poorest of citizens that recoiled from the fact they found themselves without financial support, but the propertied middle class.

Furthermore, the Marxist and lamest of Anarchist analyses would have us believe that the workers have always been a voice of revolutionary change. Wrong again. Where were the greatest proponents of anti-immigration legislation, anti-Semitism, and even fascism found throughout this century? Yup. The "working class." Who was it that was beating up civil rights protesters and lynching black activists in the '50s and '60s? Right again, the working class. Let's take it back even further. Who was it that led several murderous anti-Chinese campaigns on the Western railroads? It wasn't the bosses or hobo underclass. How about the fervent anti-Irish campaigns in the East? Who was the greatest supporter of manifest destiny aside from politicians? Right again. Right again, and right again, the "working class." Granted, not all workers were racist xenophobes, but it was from within their mass population base that such ideologies gained the most



into oblivion. My flight was arrested as my chest struck the bottom of the wave with all the force of physics, knocking the breath square out of me. Before I knew what was happening, the wave sucked me up the face and over the falls. I felt my vertebrae crack and my joints scream as countless tons of raging water battered my limp body pushing me into the depths...In my disorientation, I tried vainly to breathe, only to be rudely reminded that humans cannot respire under water as a gallon of murky salt water filled my lungs. Up and down, shore and sea had no meaning in that moment. I was suspended in the sea, being tumbled like a 6'2" rag doll in the hands of a vastly superior owner. I remember being surprised at the calmness that enveloped my body and mind in those moments. I knew I was going to die. I didn't see my life rush past, nor did I hear voices aside from the sound of rushing water. As white flashes began appearing in my clenched shut eyes, I felt no fear. Just a calm stoicism at what I knew was both inevitable and unavoidable. My body and mind were still relaxing when I popped up out of the water coughing and sputtering, head afire with cold. I was alive. And once that notion manifest itself in my conscious, survival once again became a goal. My leash had snapped, sending my board elsewhere and I was left with the daunting task of swimming in unaided. Adrenaline subdued my aching arms and after countless strokes and dives, I washed up on the beach, still coughing and sputtering. I spied my board in the distance and with weak knees, went to fetch it. Thirty minutes later I was examining the hole in the tail where my leash plug used to be while waiting for my heater to warm up and Endpoint to rewind in the tape-deck.

Up to that day, I had never maintained any opinion on what death would entail. Stories of white tunnels and old white guys with beards never amounted to much and so, like most people, I just didn't think about it. The Krishnas are wrong. Death does not come from rushing little men or blissful blue men. Christians are wrong. It does not come in the form of angels or demons. It just comes. I know without a doubt that had I been under that water for another 15 seconds, I would have succumbed to unconsciousness and certain death. Indeed, I was already on the verge. I went and asked a doctor about oxygen deprivation, and he mirrored my hypothesis by confirming that white flashes in the eyes are a signal at critical levels of oxygen deprivation. There, I was almost dead. Very close to death. And it wasn't bad. Perhaps had the circumstances been different and I was lying mangled in a crushed car or bleeding in the street with a knife or bullet in my major organs the situation would have been different, but I am fully confident in the coming of death were I again to drown in frigid water.

Death is a worthy subject of thought and discussion. It is something that will inevitably strike us all at one point or another and if nothing else, makes for far better conversation that whether or not Green day Sold out. Nothing captures the fragility of human life, indeed all life, quite like a discussion of death. If anyone else has had near death experiences, please let me know about it...I am more than a bit curious.



attention span to their singular struggle. On the other hand, there is a striking hesitation to give coverage to groups that use tactics divergent from our ideological contentions. For example, the grass roots democracy surges in Morelos will be ignored by the radical press because they are using voting and electoral participation. In Guerrero and Oaxaca, the EPR has been almost entirely ignored, even though they have waged deadly armed attacks on military and police institutions for more than two years, because armed conflict isn't nearly as attractive to the average lefty liberal peacenik or religious pacifist than the humble peasants in ski masks. (For more info on the EPR, see antipathy #1 or write for a copy of the article)

So what can we do? First and foremost, there is no substitute for education. The leftist press has been very anemic in providing factual information about anything, much less what is happening in another nation. If you live in an area with a substantial Mexican population, pick up a copy of La Jornada, a daily paper in Mexico that has done a tremendous job in reporting on grassroots movements. (They also have a website that has each daily edition, a search engine, and other great links...search for La Jornada). The various e-mail lists on Mexico issues are also great resources for getting good info. Of course, there is no substitute for learning Spanish, traveling down there, and seeing for yourself what is happening. (I cannot stress enough how important it is to learn Spanish before you go. Without an ability to communicate, your travels will be far less meaningful and your options far limited, especially if you want to see cool political stuff.)





# bound for nowhere...the tale of a nameless hobo



Just like that it was said. A collection of regrets, animosities, and irritated bitterness fired off like so many painful projectiles that hit him in the throat, leaving the words choked in the back of his mouth and in the stomach, almost incapacitating him in adrenaline charged nausea. And then, as quickly as it came, it was over.

He stepped out into the night, a frigid mist immediately covering his clothing and face with fine droplets of precipitation. Without looking back or so much as missing a step, he flipped up the hood on his dirty sweatshirt, comforted by the veil of protection around him and as he walked, reflected on the ominous sound of his footsteps recoiling off the crumbling walls of the alley.

"Alone at last, by god, I am alone at last..." he denegatively echoed to himself in the mocking rhetorical style of the late civil rights leader. Where to? Home, perhaps for a minute or two. And then? Away. To where? To whom does it matter? Certainly not him.

With a half turn of the key, he threw open the door to his room, a silent prayer unconsciously emitted that his nosy neighbors would be out on their nightly jaunts so that he may do his bidding in peace. There was a divine force looking over him: at least that night. The decrepid rental hotel bounded with the sublime silence that only an old building has as it vainly struggles to communicate with its solo occupant all the joys and horrors that have passed between its stained walls...el ruido del silencio...

Without so much as checking his messages (he knew there were none) or hesitating in front of the puny micro-fridge for some morsel of nourishment (he knew it was empty), he entered his room and rapidly gathered his things into the old surplus pack...a pair of socks, sleeping bag and tarp, knife, two cans of USDA beans. After a few more random items, he cinched the straps shut and gave the whole ordeal closure as he tied the faded bandanna through his belt loop and plopped the floppy brimmed cap upon his head...

He plodded into the night, pack dangling precariously off his back, again hypnotized by the rhythmic sounds of his own progress as building soles crunched across gravel and broken glass. An hour of thoughtless time later, the rusted "No Trespassing: Violators will be prosecuted...Southern Pacific Railroad" sign passed him by without further thought from either to distract them from their inevitable deterioration.

In years past he would have kicked the countless plastic bottles that litter the railways of America in some regressive childlike game or even thrown up his tag and thoughts on the many unofficial hobo bulletin boards that line every train yard in the US...but no, this wasn't the time nor the place.

His blank wall of thought was interrupted by the unmistakable sound of hydraulic brakes being released, soon thereafter accompanied by the most joyous of all sounds to the accursed hobo ear, the slamming of couplings and the groaning of over worked, underappreciated cars as they roll to life from the



perched precariously on a flat rock waiting for the lull in the sets that would mark my path through the surf. After what must have been 20 minutes, it came. Without second thought, I leapt into the icy water planing seaward on my board, paddling as fast and as hard as I could. There is a point at which human rationality is superseded by a survival instinct that quells all intellectual notions in pursuit of the highest of all human goals: survival, and my paddle out that day was a literal incarnation of this concept. I knew deep down that if a set came while I was inside, I would be thrown back up on those barnacle covered rocks by a force so much larger and powerful than I, that no hope of escaping unscathed existed.

However, the ancient dark gods smiled on me that day and just as I reached the take off zone, a set came through, turning the path I had just taken into a surging no man's land of whitewater. As the second wave writhed past me, I looked back, down the pitching face of the wave...fuck, it was big. As I gave myself an extra 100' of distance between my existence and the take off zone, I spied three bobbing figures down a few hundred yards. Feeling insecure already and wanting to see what the other guys were thinking, I paddled over in their direction.

My fear was only magnified when I saw Thomas, a friend of mine straddling his board, his usually cheery, boyish good looks marked by a furrowed brow and nervous glance which shifted from the Western horizon to the East, the direction of warm cars, terra firma, and life. It was big he said. Real big. Too big for his 7'10" gun. He and the other guys had all called "last wave" and would be going in ASAP. "Fuck" I thought... "If this guy who has been surfing big waves his whole life is scared, what the fuck am I doing here?"

Right as the trailing edge of that thought had passed, I found myself once again stroking for the horizon with every ounce of my existence, trying to race the looming swells in the distance. I made it over the first wave of the set, only to be confronted by an even larger one, the dark face of which began exhibiting the symptoms of a wave length too long and water depth too shallow...I gave three more hard paddles and dove the nose of my board into the pitching face, slamming my foot down on the tail to drive myself up through the back of the wave. I popped out the back with a splash and kept paddling, ignoring the throbbing ache that only comes from two things, surfing in the North or eating ice cream too fast. The other guys all disappeared leaving me outside by myself.

Only one who has ever sat by themselves in the frigid waters of Oregon out of the sight of land, knowing full well the reality of hypothermia and of the existence of creatures far larger than the human frame dwelling right beneath the surface can know the feeling of loneliness that attacked me at that moment. My sole desire in the world was to drag myself up through the shallows, dry off, and listen to the Mistfists while eating chips and salsa and driving home. But a 1/2 mile of angry ocean separated me from the comfort of land and van.

I nervously began chanting the Maha mantra they teach you at Krishna temples over and over again...hare krishna hare krishna krishna hare hare hare rama hare ramanama rama hare hare...as these mantras multiplied through the double digits, I felt my feet beginning to exhibit the dull ache of cold, which soon enough was replaced by numbness. As the warmth of my body began to escape, so did my patience. I began paddling around trying to catch a peak just right or take off on a number of the smaller waves that passed by me, consciously recognizing that they were not to peak for another 200 yards...Finally, after dodging the first wave of a set, I saw my chance. A large gray figure began emerging from the water in the distance...As it glided near, I knew without thought that I was in the perfect place. I saw the pitching peak and began paddling due South East, the optimum direction to catch the steepening shoulder and cling to its relative safety, away from the deadly lip. As it rose behind me I felt the surge of power as gravity took hold of my 180 lbs mass and jumped to my feet. By all respects this was a perfect take off...I got to my feet in less than a second, my feet landing in perfect position, my board trimming down the face...this I knew. But the ocean disintegrated. As I made the midpoint of my descent, I looked down and for a split instant, saw the nightmare of all big wave surfers...the nose of one's board peering into the water. As the forward progress of my board abruptly ceased while mine increased, I felt my feet leave the deck of my board and I was pitched forward





# DEATH

most intimate of all fears



Like most younger humans, I had never really given much thought to my own mortality. Years of philosophical contemplation over the post mortem destination of my soul, although profound and stimulating, never really personalized my own death in any sense. The a few years ago, everything changed. It was the fall of 1994, the first year I moved permanently to Oregon, sometime around Thanksgiving. I had just bailed on a snowboarding date with my friend Erica to hit one last surf session before the season ended in a five month sabbatical of torrentuous storms. And it sounded promising. The weather service was issuing a small craft warning for the entire northern Coast, with buoy readings of 15-17ft at 11 seconds, but nevertheless I went...hell, I'd surfed three foot mushballs during a similar reading and knew the weather service to be as full of shit as any other government agency.

My confidence in the matter substantially diminished as soon as my balding tires crunched over the gravel on the South Jetty. Like most non-summer days on the Oregon Coast, the sky was a dark, ominous shade of gray, unbroken by anything until water or land and in the obscured distance, I could hear the roaring of big surf. Any individual who has spent any time near the sea knows the sound. Usually, the breaking surf makes a nice, soothing, uniform sound of rushing whitewater that lulls one into a nap or hypnotic stare into the distance. Today however, the water sounded different. The distant rushing had been replaced by unmistakable crashes as water dashed itself upon the barnacle covered rocks or was cast down onto itself as through from great heights...

The acids in my stomach were urging a nice, tidy retreat back to Eugene, back to warm bedrooms and waiting lovers and Rice Dream ice cream, but my tenacious mind refused such evasive action. My fear somewhat subsided as the unmistakable box like shapes of Volkswagen Vans emerged out of the gloom and I immediately recognized them as belonging to some fellows I knew. Although the line up was still obscured by the Earthen sky, I knew there were other guys out, and as in any other activity in the wild, confidence is a matter of numbers.

Without further thought, I pulled on my wetsuit, threw a fresh layer of wax on my new 7'2" and began down the beach. Upon arriving at the usual paddle-out spot, just south of the jetty, I was dealt another surprise: the rip that usually took us beyond the breaking surf was not present, instead was a mass of whitewater crashing on the rocks. "Oh well..." I figured..."I can just walk down the jetty and jump off further down..."

Having a fresh plan, I scrambled up the jagged rocks and began the arduous journey down the jetty. The further I walked, the more I knew something was different until the extent of my discontent was completely and abruptly realized. I stood at the edge of the jetty (which stands a good 1/3 mile out to sea) and still hadn't made it past the impact zone, which obviously lay a good 300 yards past the last rock of the jetty. Shit...I'd seen big surf there, but never this big. But alas, my pride and ignorance proved for more influential in my decision than my gut reaction to turn and run. I sat there, half way down the incline,

bleak grave of silence. In the past, he probably would have sat back down to his traveling partners and rolled a cigarette, neglecting the corroded old junk cars bleeding ferral blood from hidden wounds for something faster, more glamorous...But here he had no cigarettes nor companions and after watching several empty boxcars slowly roll by, he crabbed the rail of an old CP grainer and swung himself up on the rear deck, the hollow sound of his worn boots again the sole indication of his existence.

Without so much as a forward glance or cheer, he settled into the hobo hole and drifted into a sound slumber, comfortably nestled in the arms of reminiscence; the cold of the damp metal slowly working its way through his clothing until it hit his bones.

Sometime before dawn, he awoke to the stale night's sky; stars dimming and moon rapidly plummeting behind the trees lining the tracks. The row of tired vertebrae groaned and cracked as he fitfully rearranged himself to a squatting position on the deck and peered cautiously around the car. Sided. But for how long? Where the fuck was he? Did it really matter in the whole scheme of things?

His philosophical exploration was cut short by the unmistakable sound of gravel crunching 'neath boot heels. Ordinarily he would have climbed back in the hole and made himself as scarce as possible, but now, he honestly could have cared less if the approaching steps belonged to a bull, inbred small town cop, or pissed off engineer. He busied himself picking the black crust from the corners of his eyes, flicking the residue off the starboard rail..."Hey mister...you got a smoke?" A soot stained face stared up at him smiling amicably. He mumbled a negation and returned a meek smile. "Where ya' heading? Me and my friends are heading to Oakland...You think we'll stop in Roseville? God, I hope not. I hate that place...the bull is a prick...he gave Scabie 30 days for riding a 48. You riding by yourself?" With every word, the three rings in her lip bounced comically against her teeth making a faint, but undeniable "click" when she talked.

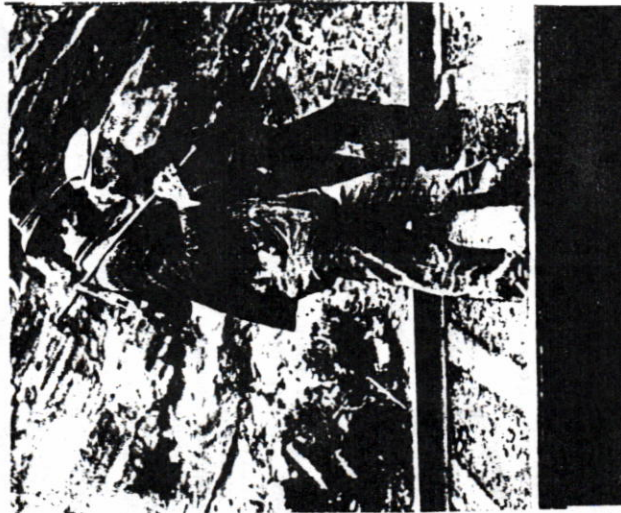
A nice enough kid he thought. He liked this new crew of kids that took to the tracks. They always friendly, treated him with respect and well, he was doing the same thing as them so many years ago; riding around in search of something, but never quite figuring out what. He never understood why his colleagues had such a hard time not beating the shit out of these new kids and stealing their stuff. Fucking pretentious fuckers. Good thing most of 'em got on SSDI and got apartments and full time, government sponsored alcohol habits...their nomadic pasts only manifest in truck stop "FTFA" tags and occasional drinking by the tracks.

In his thoughts, she had vanished as quickly as she had come, but returned a bit afterwards..."I went and talked to the engineer...he said that we'll be sided for another couple hours, 'cause the K Falls yard is all fucked up...you wanna come and drink some coffee with me and my friends?...we already made you a cup, so you can't say no..."

She and her crew had made a quaint little camp in one of the rusty boxcars he had passed up, complete with cardboard beds, box 'n bag shitter on the far wall, and camp stove. As he swung his pack and torso up into the car, she announced to the five bodies lined around the dim flame of the stove..."This is that fellow I was telling you about... what's your name anyway?" She was indistinguishable from the rest of her crew. All were dressed in patched black clothing fading into the inevitable color of perpetual travel, brown. All had big stocking caps on, metal all through their face, and old surplus gear. All returned his nodding smile.

He was not feeling very talkative, and after finishing up his cup of sludgy black coffee replete with grounds, he gave a couple of tidbits of advice and abandoned his new found comrades in favor of the comfort of solitude back at the old grainer.

Right about the time the rough form of the sun shining made its way to the crook in the scrawny ponderosa pine, the car let out the sudden hiss of hydraulic brakes charging, seconds later followed by the groaning jerk of the cars as they slammed together in their couplings. As the train started moving forward with the awkwardness of a newborn fawn or a prepubescent boy at his first school dance, the heard the rhythmic crunch of gravel coming from the end of the train. A few seconds later, a young kid from the boxcar came running

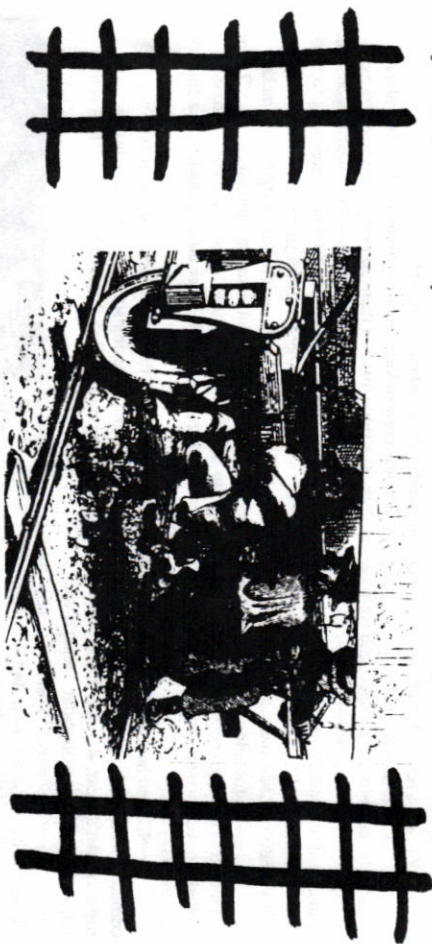




"I THOUGHT I HADN'T TOWN, NOT KNOWN! WHILE I'M BOUND, NO ONE COULD  
CLIMB MY MIND, BUT MOMMA TRIED..." "WHILE I HADN'T TOWN, NOT KNOWN!"

towards the grainer right behind the CP he sat on. Although burdened by a large pack, a water bottle, and bag full of some mysterious treasure worth carrying, the fellow tossed his goods on the puddled deck, grabbed the ladder rail, and pulled himself up into the relative safety of the semi-caged grainer. With a look of relief, the young hobo, (was it Drift?) gave a wave towards the huddled form across the coupling and settled inside the metal womb of the grainer's hole.

As opposed to the first night's slovenly progress, the train emerged from its siding a changed beast. Until sun down, and then through the first streaks of the coming dawn and beyond, the train sided for nothing. It barreled through the mountains and narrow passes as if driven by a reckless spirit of some sort... He was content. Flying through country unseen by anyone save those that drove or rode trains, 100s of miles away from anything, away from her...away. It is a comfortable sense of temporary isolation and protection that only the hobo can know...free of responsibility of anything except immediate bodily necessities. He lay sprawled across the grainer deck basking in the glory of his present state, vaguely watching the countryside pass by in, what after a few hours, becomes an endless series of beautiful rivers, majestic little mountains, and quaint little forested areas...



The young hobo across the coupling shared in his glory and only occasionally looked towards him, as if looking for some unspoken instruction or tidbit of wisdom. As the second evening approached, he got up and began watching the forward progress of the train by peering around the rusty hulk of the car...As the train rounded a curve, obstructing his view of anything but the dozen or so cars in front of him, his attention became fixed on the gravel and ties below. Immediately, the gravel and litter flying through his field of vision became as his life...ephemeral...his childhood, school, the War, unemployment, depression, loves lost... As this moment of contemplation extended itself, he began leaning further and further out of the car. He spied a tunnel coming into view and as it drew closer, so did IT. Immediately preceding the impenetrable veil of darkness and diesel fumes that would engulf his car, he leaned further off the car, and with little conscious volition, allowed the muscles on his hand to relax. He thought of a lot of things during his brief free fall: perhaps the most concentrated bunch of thoughts he had ever had, but it was not a thought, but a feeling remembered; the feeling of laying flatly across a grainer deck, basking in the sun after a prolonged period of rain, feeling the moisture and longing evaporate from one's person as a profound sense of bliss ushered itself in, that filled his mind as his body karwheelled down the tracks oblivious to its own demise. The contemplative meanderings ceased only as his body was brought to a sudden stop by a rock outcropping, the impact upon which his skull split, dashing his brain matter across the parched ochre surface and crushing the remainder of his bones like so many brittle twigs.

On the other side of the tunnel, the young hobo looked across the coupling to see the deck unoccupied. He strained his eyes to see into the hole, but it too was vacant. His reluctant mentor had vanished. It wasn't too hard to deduce what had happened and the thought seized him with a profound sense of loneliness that made him yearn to be back in the comfort of the boxcar amongst others...But he was alone on a priority train, so he did the next best thing...began scribbling in his stained and faded notebook a rough tale to share with the faceless audience of his zine...

map of North America which highlighted native forests and wilderness areas, the sum of which was no more than a few green splotches located primarily in the North and West. Such vast, unnamed areas as described by London and Emerson no longer existed in such capacity...industrial forestry, mining, and other industrial actors in our contagious society had seen to it that such areas were opened to the contagions of society.

The fact that I would have to actively search for an area where a three day hike would reveal no logging roads, no survey markers, and no goddamn interpretive centers makes me nauseous. I feel as though one of my life's goals has been violently ripped from my hands. Although I have no intention of going and living by myself in the woods on my own volition, the possibility remained that if I found myself faced with prison, death, or other harm, I could always go live among the trees and hills and eak out a stable, albeit simple existence; free from all but the most natural demands of my body. Now I know that to be a far less promising escape route, as areas where such living would be possible are few and far between, indeed non-existent in the lower 48 states.

And I am left with even less solace in the desecration of the wild ceasing. I spent all last summer trying to preserve the last intact wild area in this godforsaken nation from falling victim to the saws of corporate America. Every day I sat on that road, watching my friends sitting suspended 40' above or locked to barrels sunken in its graveled exterior, I knew deep down that we were gonna lose. How the fuck could 20 dirty kids stop the inevitable progress of the world, of power, of history? We couldn't and sure enough, the Cove/Mallard activists were shoved aside like so many pieces of slash and the entire sale logged, leaving the area bald and bleeding. And the story is repeated daily, all across this third planet from the Sun.

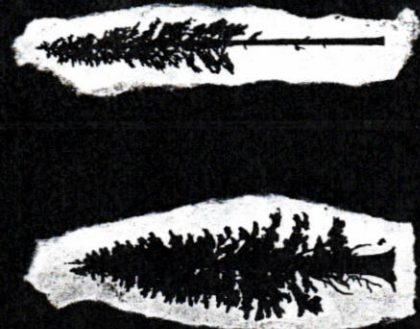
London termed man's natural yearning for nature "The Call of the Wild"... a call I have heard often. In the sharp wail of the cougar as it grieves over some unknown tragedy or the cheerful yelps of the coyote as it joins its brethren in finishing off a toppled deer. The sight of trout throwing themselves upstream to fulfill the unspoken desire to spawn. The vision of two doves engaged in a lifelong romance within the mangled branches of a deceased tree. In the striped remains of a stump, mangled by a large predator's need to sharpen claws and mark territory. All serve as animate reminders of the existence that lies just over the periphery of civilization; an existence from our ancestral past that refuses to die and one that calls men, usually when all else has failed, back to the cold comfort of life at its simplest.



But again, the very existence of all this is at stake in the here and now, not in some other time or some other land, but right now, right in this very nation, right in this very bioregion. If industrial progress is permitted to continue unchecked and we remain bound in our ideological dogma and perpetual inaction, we will soon find ourselves surrounded on every side by clearcuts, plantation plots, and overly thinned forests incapable of supporting the wild. By rivers that run red from mining operations, lined with the tell tale white foam of chemical contamination or that become reservoirs to support burgeoning human or livestock populations or to provide recreational activities for jet skis and powerboats. By mountains bald and barren, reduced from once majestic domains, the last terrestrial frontiers, to mere playgrounds for snowboards and skis. By oceans lined with tar from botched off shore drilling and day use fee parks. By radioactive deserts scarred by storage, testing, and disposal of the nuclear remnants of the coldest of wars. By prairies eroded and barren, extremely susceptible to drought and pest thanks to 50 years of the Green Revolution. By stars pockmarked by satellites and airplanes and a moon that will soon bear the sign of the world's champion corporations.



## The Wild...



the most endangered species of all

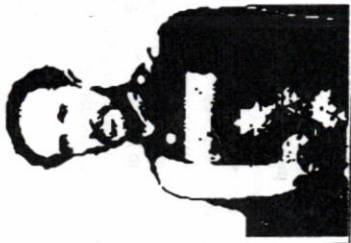
From my earliest memories, I can remember being infatuated with the Wild. The greatest times of my life have been spent wading through creeks in forage of minnows and crawdads, or tramping through the acres of my grandparents' farm, shotgun in hand acutely awaiting the sudden appearance of a worthy target, or floating on particular bodies of water. The time I spent outside was a refuge; a time and place that compensated for the fact I couldn't hit a baseball or make a soccer goal to save my life, nor get A's in school or advance to the next level in video games. I was good at being outdoors. I could call squirrels out of their cover into the awaiting sights of my .22 with the clicking of two silver coins or spot the teary eyes of a rabbit cowering in a thicket from 50 yards. I could bring in fish by line, net, trap, or spear with little effort and make a fire to roast them without a second thought. I knew how to make shelters out of various materials in the deciduous forests of the Midwest and how to get water out of vines and roots. I could follow deer trails until the critter was forced to abandon its bedding upon my rude approach, leaving only the memory of its white tail bounding away into the distance. I knew which species of maple made the best bows and which limbs of birch would make the truest arrows. In fact, up until the point I picked up skateboarding, sex, drugs and punk music, there was nowhere I would have rather been.

Throughout my early years, I knew without doubt that I would be living in nature. When asked what I was gonna be when I grew up, I would reply unwaveringly, "mountain man" or "a hermit," and even as my interests strayed from catching fish and shooting critters to seeing bands, collecting records, and having sex, the thought still lay in the back of my mind. And it still does today, although more as a contingency plan for an action gone wrong or life wasted than a positive venture.

The notion of the Wild; of vast rugged and uncivilized areas unscarred by humanity, of a reduction of all life to its basic principle; survival, still looms in the back of my mind as a refuge from the pain and toil of civilization. And it has for countless others...Thoreau, Emerson, Hobbes, Abbey, Williams, London....all of whom knew of the virtues of a return to nature, a return to the wild. Even while I wasted away in the urban sprawl, concentrating on heelflips and sex, hardcore and history, I still believed such spaces to exist, and in my ability to seek them as a refuge. But then last winter I was dealt a swift blow. A peacecorp worker gave me a

## RAS TAFAARI

IGNORANCE AND HATRED DO A RELIGION MAKE



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His Imperial Majesty,  
Emperor Haile Selassie I,  
King Of Kings, Lord Of Lords,  
Conquering Lion Of The Tribe Of Judah

It never fails to amaze me how ignorant people can be in the nature of their convictions. A case in point are the hundreds of white kids in Eugene that run around with dreadlocks saying "Irie" and "Ras...I and I" assuming that 'cause they smoke dope, have dreads, and like reggae that they are Rastafarian. Well, unfortunately for my kind rainbow colleagues, Rastafari ain't about happy black people, personal spirituality, or whatever bastard child of '60s new age mysticism they have transformed it into. Rastafari is an eclectic synthesis of Judeo-Christian text, ethno-nationalist pride, and benign prophecy.

The noted black nationalist Marcus Garvey was the primary sculptor of Rastafarianism as he used his Universal Negro Improvement Association to espouse anti-colonial sentiments in the 1920s. Under Garvey, self reliance both home and abroad, his famed "back to Africa" consciousness, and a vehement anti-British stance were stresses as the key to overthrowing the colonial yoke and all its mental and psychological domination. In the mid-1920s, Garvey propheticized, "Look to Africa for the crowning of a Black King, he shall be the Redeemer..."

Within a few years, Garvey's near forgotten prophecy was resurrected. In November of 1930, Ras Tafari Makonnen ascended to the crown of Ethiopia, claiming to be the 225th son of King David in an unbroken line of Ethiopian kings. Upon his coronation, Ras Tafari Makonnen pronounced himself "Emperor Haile Selassie I, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, King of Kings, Lord of Lords." (Now the Bad Brains lyrics make sense...)

As the "truth" of Garvey's prophecy spread through the Caribbean Islands, Rastafarianism gained a foothold amongst the impoverished Black populations and in the late 1930s, institutionalized itself as a religion.

At the time, Rastafarianism's livid anti-colonial stance was seen as a subversive movement, and its early leaders, such as Leonard Howell, were arrested and harassed for "preaching revolutionary doctrine."

It was during the early years of the 1930s that Rastafari began to develop its own ideology and cosmology. In 1933, Leonard Howell outlined the six major principles of Rastafari including, "hatred for the White race (the devils), the complete superiority of the Black race, revenge on the White's for their wickedness, the negation, persecution, and humiliation of the government and legal bodies of Jamaica, preparation for repatriation to Africa, and the explicit acknowledgment of Emperor Haile Selassie as being the supreme being and only ruler of Black people..." And these tenets are still intact amongst the proponents of true Rastafari today.

The propagation of Rastafari, like all religions, was completely reliant upon the ignorance and naiveté of its followers. For example, the Garveyite contention that Africa was a luxurious haven for all Blacks, the proverbial Zion of Old Testament acclaim, and the homeland to which all Blacks should return was shaken in 1939 when several Jamaican Rastas ventured to Africa. They were confronted by horrid poverty, abject violence, and to the horror of Rastas across the world, were denied entrance to Haile Selassie's palace by the Emperor himself, whom, as a staunch Christian, refused the infidels. Soon enough, the Rasta doctrine evolved from the Emperor being a self realized prophet to one that would not know of his divinity until after his death...inconvenient, hey?

Oh! Emperor Haile Selassie himself hardly proved worthy of acclaim or worship. Although he





"The Power of Jah..."

The power of militarism..."

actualized his vow to end official slavery, he enhanced the power of the *Gult* system of land tenure which bound 90% of the Ethiopian people to a system of peonage and servitude to master landlords that rivals anything from the middle ages of Europe for its repression. And it gets worse. Following the defeat of Italy in the Second World War, Ethiopia, Libya and Eritrea were all turned over to the British as protectorate territories and within three years, Ethiopia and Libya were granted status as sovereign nations. Eritrea however, due to bureaucratic inconsistencies within the colonial powers, was turned over as an autonomous nation within the Federal Union of Ethiopia. In 1963, the Iron Lion of Judah, King of Kings, Lord of Lords invaded and annexed Eritrea as the 14th Province of Ethiopia; an action which was denounced by the entire UN. Over the next decade, Emperor Selassie scraped the meager coffers of his nation to shape the third largest military in the world through which he waged a devastating war against the Eritrean people, which aside from leaving hundreds of thousands of Eritreans dead, also reduced Ethiopia's domestic infrastructure to shambles. Furthermore, all the while he was carrying out genocidal plots against Eritrea, Haile Selassie enriched himself with millions of dollars, a hobby which directly caused all the starving children that George Michael and Michael Jackson sang about in "We are the World" back in the 1980s.

Haile Selassie is not a man to be venerated or worshipped. He was not a kind, spiritual man, lest one considers an aggressive militarist responsible for millions of deaths to be a worthy messiah.

Luckily on September 12, 1973, Emperor Haile Selassie was dethroned by a communist coup and less than two years later, assassinated.

Now I realize that this is a harsh condemnation of a minuscule religion which was formed by an uneducated populace in response to several hundred years of colonial rule, but nevertheless, any religion which applauds genocide and ignores inhumanity is worthy of such exposure.

So to all you white kids out there that think you're Rasta 'cause you smoke grass and love Marley...perhaps you ought to do some research into you blood drenched religion and its murderous prophet. Rastafarianism cannot be separated from Black nationalism anymore than Christianity can be separated from Christ, as both are fundamental tenets of the religion. Sure, the I and I concept of human unity is neat, but if you are gonna bastardize a philosophy to fit your desire for new age bullshit, I can't think of a worse possible example than Rastafari...

Ok, so I have my own biases. I admit it. I think that worshipping an authoritarian militarist that killed a million plus human beings in his conquest for national power and economic gain is the moral equivalent to venerating a short Austrian man with a stupid mustache or any of his European sidekicks. Or maintaining a conservative, Old Testament mentality that reduces women to objects of possession and subjugates them to domestic and reproductive roles. Or proclaiming all that violates your archaic morality of pharaohs "wicked" and calling for the violent "fireburning" of people like myself who love outside of God and State endorsed heterosexual monogamy. That kind of fanatical intolerance is the ideological equivalent of strapping up your braces and going out for some booyer on faggots and dykes. Fuck Rasta. Fuck Haile Selassie. Fuck you Ras whiteboy you homophobic, sexist, ignorant shithead.

(This piece is dedicated to the courageous people of the Eritrean struggle for independence, including the women whose participation in the conflict (up to 40% of the Eritrean Liberation Front were women) directly contributed to making Eritrea the most egalitarian nation in Africa...)



fuck for me to believe that the Catholic Church was the biggest catalyst in sparking revolutionary dissent in El Salvador and Guatemala. Or that some loggers actually appreciate the forest. Or that some Christians are indeed nice people. Or that there are conservative queers out there who vote republican and buy beef. But the more of these experiences I have had with these realities which go contrary to my opinions, the more flexible and effective my ideology has become.

If we are honestly to have any positive effect on this world whatsoever, we must necessarily expand beyond the comfort of our ideological and personal confines and experience, meet, and learn about the Earth and its people, in their actual realities, not how Lenin or Emma tells us, or how we would like it to be. Once we start learning and making connections that stray beyond our friends and comrades, our thoughts and opinions will begin to evolve, and further possibilities for seeing connections between people rather than divisions will arise. It is only then that we can have any hope of influencing the movements of progress...



This issue is dedicated to the loving memory of Wendy O Williams who took her own life in April 1998...



# antipathy

So since I started doing antipathy more than a year ago, I have purposefully limited its distribution to areas outside Eugene. Sure, a few select people get copies here in town, as I value their ability to think rationally, their input, and of course, 'cause they have contributed to it, but for the most part, I have deliberately not distributed it here. On the one hand, I see it as a move of cowardice my decision was based on the fact that I do not want to sacrifice my relationships with people, as tedious as they may be, based on my unadulterated thoughts (which as you can tell, have the nasty tendency to offend people). On the other hand, I think this is entirely justified. I have seen more than a single outburst in various meetings during which a number of people in the Eugene activist/punk community have illustrated how difficult it is for them to discuss issues, especially political issues, without getting personally defensive and emotionally frustrated, both of which destroy any notion of a positive exchange of ideas. I much prefer to have shallow friendships with people than a bunch of animosities. So yeah, I am a coward. If this zine was going to be read by the very people whom I draw most of my critical fodder from, the content would be a lot less confrontational and pointed. But just as I don't go around telling someone I think they are ugly or have a dumb mustache, I don't have to go around telling people I think they have infantile politics without a hair of realism or a modicum of analysis.

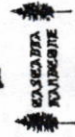
This is my zine. This is my place to express the things that I think and feel. It is not about "empowering" others and sure as hell not an apologetic regurgitation of my world, my scene, and myself. It is not a tool to make people feel good or affirm their actions if what I think what they are doing is bullshit. And there is a lot of bullshit that goes on here. Our community is precariously perched on a plateau of ideological stagnancy and tactical impotence. We are losing. And we are losing bad. We are afraid to reevaluate our thoughts and tactics because aside from challenging tradition, it might offend someone, probably a friend. We are afraid to seek new answers and new perspectives because it might show us that we are wrong. Like the TV watching, consumerist masses we talk shit about, we are wallowing in our own ignorance and isolation.

It isn't that I constrain these thoughts to paper. I spend almost every weekday evening in various meetings of various groups and at each one of them, I say the same things. But people choose to hear what they want to hear. People ignore or take offense at that which they don't want to hear or what goes contrary to their ideological makeup of the day. People slander and name-call things that they know nothing about, based on pseudo-information and rumor. And it pisses me off.

I went through the same process myself. It was hard as

## ASYLUM

a hardcore punk convergence  
June 17-23 1998  
eugene, oregon



Earth First!



Earth First!



Asylum was born of the idea that the punk/hardcore community has, for far too long, revelled in its own inaction, apathy, and inherent contradictions and that some proactive measures need to be taken in order to prevent our culture from falling to the proverbial wayside of important commercialization and perpetuating frustration. This convergence is intended to draw individuals from all margins of the punk/hardcore community together for a week of intense networking, discussions, skill/knowledge sharing and fun under an explicitly political focus on creating a more active, viable and enjoyable community of resistance.

The **Legislative Asylum** will be born in mid-June with the establishment of an autonomous zone in the cascadian wilderness just outside of Eugene from which the entire convergence will be based. Although legal reasons preclude us from giving directions to the actual spot at this point, it is in a well impacted area surrounded by dense old growth forest, several bodies of natural water, and is close to the Eugene city bus lines. Although the entire gathering is free, donations of food, money, and other necessities are in dire need, and every individual in attendance will be responsible for contributing to the success of the gathering by cooking with Food Not Bombs, leading workshops, getting supplies or doing any number of other necessary tasks. In order to keep this a safe space for everyone, there will be a strict nonviolence policy and the use of alcohol/drugs is heavily discouraged from the immediate area of the convergence. Beligence, dare I say, and violence will not be tolerated.

**What is planned:** At this point, there is not yet a confirmed list of bands playing, but in total, there will probably be 10-40. If you know of a band that would like to play, please contact us. Here is a tentative list of panels, workshops, etc., feel free to add anything you like.

### Panels

Punk and Politics  
Rape and the Community  
Zines and Counter Information  
Anarchism  
Animal Liberation/Rights  
Earth First!  
Violence vs Nonviolence  
Revolution?  
Hardcore vs punk?  
Punk activists past and pres  
Christianity and punk  
Punk History

### Workshops

Tree Climbing  
Aid Support  
Urban Warfare  
Bike building/repair  
Veganism  
Demos  
Zapatista Support  
Hog Mountain  
Hobo punks  
DIY TV/Video  
Punk Organizing  
Radical history

### Other Fun Stuff

Swimming  
Daily hikes to timber sales  
"Burning Punk"  
Daily trade circles  
Improv music  
Dancing  
Daily women's, men's and queer circles  
Possible action following Asylum  
punk soccer  
jumpstart missions  
meeting new friends  
+ tons more

**What to bring:** Since we will be camping, a sleeping bag, tent or tarp and other such stuff would be a good idea. Food, money or supplies to donate. Stuff to trade. Zines, records, etc. to sell. A good attitude. All your friends. Art supplies. A cup or bowl. Good ideas. Musical instruments. Toys. Water or a water filter. Anything else you think might be fun.

**How to get there:** Eugene is right off I-5, a major train line, and has an airport. We are trying to organize a ride share thing, call for details. **How to help:** Spread the word!! Copy these flyers or make your own. Come early and help set up. Talk to good bands or smart kids. Also: The annual Earth First! Rendezvous is June 29 July 6 near Eugene. Stick around and get involved!!! For more info, contact...

antipathy collective pob 11703 eugene, oregon 97440 tac@efn.org (541) 431-8080



**BECAUSE** ALL OUR FRIENDS ARE... BECAUSE WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITH ANYONE... BECAUSE WE ALWAYS WEAR BLACK ANYWAY... BECAUSE WE LIKE WRITING @'S ON EVERYTHING... BECAUSE THE PARTIES ARE BETTER... BECAUSE WE WANT A POLITICAL REASON TO BE ON WELFARE... BECAUSE IT'S THE COOLEST... BECAUSE EVERYBODY LOOKS TOUGH IN A BALACLAVA... BECAUSE EVERYONE REJECTS US ANYWAY... BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT TO STAND ON STREETCORNERS AND SELL THE SOCIALIST WORKER FOR 50 CENTS... BECAUSE WE LIKE BIG BOOTS... BECAUSE THE POSTER ART IS FUNKIER... BECUZ ARMY SURPLUS IS CHEAP... BECUZ IT MAKES SPITTING ACCEPTABLE... BECUZ WE DON'T LIKE TO WASH OUR CLOTHES... BECUZ SOCIALISTS NEVER PUT "FUCK" IN THEIR CHANTS... BECUZ THERE ARE NO BAD HAIR DAYS WHEN YOU'RE AN ANARCHIST... BECUZ WE'RE SO DISORGANIZED THAT NO ONE CAN TAKE OVER THE MOVEMENT... BECUZ WE NEVER HAVE TO SHOW UP ON TIME... SHOW UP WELL DRESSED... SHOW UP AT ALL IF WE DON'T WANT TO... BECUZ WE CAN SCORN CONSUMPTION AND STILL DRINK BEER... BECUZ ANYONE CAN SING THE MUSIC... BECUZ HIERARCHY'S SO MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE WHEN IT'S UNACKNOWLEDGED... BECUZ IT POLITICIZES KLEPTOMANIA... BECUZ ANYTHING CAN BE BLAMED ON THE STATE... BECUZ FOLLOWING THE RECIPIE IS BORING... BECUZ WE CAN'T STICK TO ONE IDEOLOGY... BECUZ IT'S FUN TO BREAK THE LAW... BECUZ YOU CAN DREAM ABOUT DYING HEROICALLY OR AT LEAST PAINFULLY... CUZ WHO CAN GET THROUGH DAS KAPITAL ANYWAY... CUZ WE'RE EASILY BORED... CUZ WE CAN GLORIFY OUR POVERTY... CUZ THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THAT ADRENALINE RUSH OF JAYWALKING... CUZ THE FLAGS ARE EASY TO MAKE... BECAUSE OF NOAM!... BECUZ JAIL GIVES YOU AN EXCUSE TO EAT MEAT AND WATCH TV... CUZ WE'RE BITTER AND CYNICAL... CUZ IT PISSES OFF OUR PARENTS... CUZ WE NEEDED A THEORY OF EVERYTHING... CUZ WE LIKE OUR ATTITUDE PROBLEMS... CUZ WE DOUBT...

**FOR THESE AND FOR NO PARTICULAR REASONS, WE ARE**  
**ANARCHISTS**